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OUR PREMIER DUCHESS

The Duchess of Norfolk. Her latest photograph

No. 194.—Vol. XV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday August 21. 1907

Great events are usually supposed to follow upon Monarchs meeting, but inasmuch as reporters are rarely—if ever—present on these occasions, and have to imagine what took place, the public in the end gets but a thin idea of it all. Still, it is comforting to know—say—that the Kaiser wore a green Tyrolean hat with a feather in it. He might have joined the No-Hat League.

* * *

Teutophobes, by the way, are a good deal annoyed that the Kaiser has made comparatively so few speeches of late months. They maintain that, if this sort of thing continues, there is considerable danger of an *Entente Cordiale* between England and Germany.

* * *

We ourselves do not think a cordial understanding likely so long as German waiters in this country remain so numerous. These men may not be the disguised vanguard of the German army, as some alarmist writers suppose, but that they are in some sort of disguise is obvious. They are not waiters.

* * *

The Korean Delegates, who have been sentenced by the Supreme Court to imprisonment for life—for attending the Hague Peace Conference—are at present touring in the United States. They say that the old country has lost a good deal of its attraction for them since it came under Japanese influence.

* * *

Prince Yi, who, owing to his noble birth and greater responsibility, has been condemned to the gallows, hopes to visit Manilla on his way home. He is anxious to inspect some of the famous hemp plantations, as he understands that the quality of the rope varies.

* * *

Writing on the subject of Esperanto, Mr. Eustace Miles points out that anyone who excludes flesh-foods from his diet would in that language be termed "Senviandano." It seems a formidable word to apply to a man who, after all, is only a little cranky in his eating.

* * *

"Whosoever Loveth. Being the Secret of a Lady's Maid," is the title of Mr. Le Queux's latest book. We congratulate the gifted author on his frankness. Society novelists are rarely so ready to reveal the source of their plots.

* * *

"The Imperial Tower, which is," says the *Daily Graphic*, "to be the dominant feature of the Anglo-French Exhibition, will be surmounted either by a statute of King Edward or by a figure of Britannia." Except for "No bottle-throwing allowed" and "Keep off the grass," we cannot think of a statute that would really be suitable for the top of a tower, and we hope the authorities will plump for Britannia.

* * *

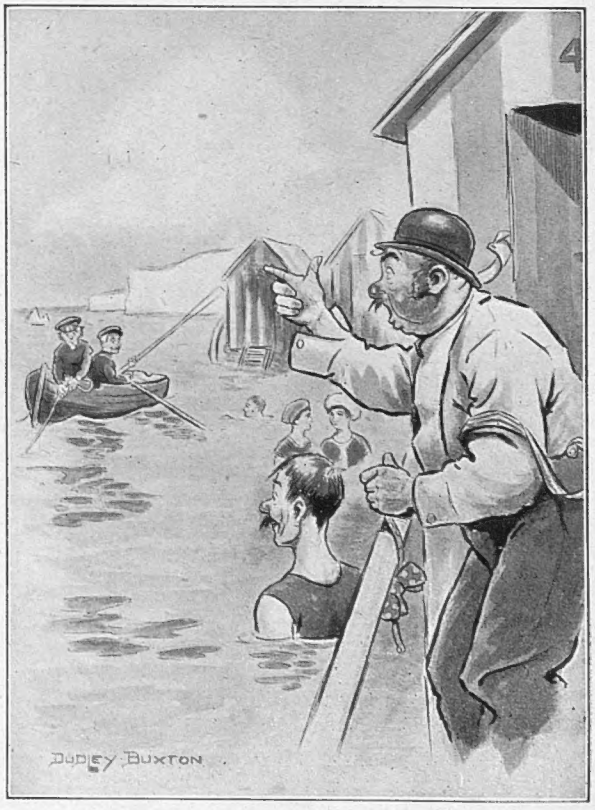
Apropos of this Tower, it is to be 200 ft. high. Properly constructed on the spiral system, so that one can slide down it on a mat, the thing will be a worthy memorial of the greatness of our Empire, and should do much to promote the *Entente*.

* * *

The time is ripe for a Woman's Alpine Club, and it is pleasant to note that steps towards the formation of one were taken last week. Hitherto, the selfish male, by discouraging engineering enterprise, has kept the best peaks to himself, and it has only been possible to go up quite a few mountains by train. Now that women have taken the Alps in hand, there is no reason at all why climbing should not become both simple and *chic*. It is silly to go scrambling up a place when rails can so easily be laid.

* * *

No doubt, such old-fashioned appurtenances of the mountaineer as ropes and ice-axes will in the end be rendered unnecessary. But mountaineering woman may be trusted to see that these picturesque things



The Seaside Cockney Again

HE ON THE STEPS (*to distant boatman*): "Hi! Don't pull the plug out yet! I ain't been in!"

(BY DUDLEY BUXTON)

do not wholly disappear. Members of Alpine clubs of the future will be able to wear a silk rope round their waists, and the ice-axe would serve as a model for quite a pretty brooch.

* * *

Up-to-date German municipal schools now supply free dentistry to their pupils. After the worst cases have been attended to, the younger children are given the preference. The wise dentist probably knows that the mites are less able to kick.

* * *

The combination of rainy weather and the falling off of omnibus receipts this year has become so noticeable that experts are beginning to see some connection between the two. Can it be that passengers do not care to travel on the wet seats of the omnibus if they can find dry ones in other conveyances? People *are* faddy sometimes.

* * *

A statement in the *Express* on motor-omnibus receipts says that it is in winter rather than in summer that the weather affects the turnover. Causes it, we should have thought.

* * *

The statement of Mr. Beers, Professor of English Literature in Yale University, that English drama has been dead for two centuries has provoked a characteristically humorous reply from Mr. Hall Caine. "The English wicket," says Mr. Caine, "is in no danger." Now, what has Mr. Beers to say?

"Mr. William Goodman, of Boston, has," we learn from the *Express*, "consumed 2,920 quarts of water during the last twelve months in order to cure himself of indigestion." We do not know if he has succeeded, but our advice to the Water Company is that they should charge him for using a garden hose.

* * *

There are 38,804 unmarried women in the City of Westminster. Why not face the situation and call the place "West-spinster"?

* * *

A knowledge of Esperanto has, it appears, more than once led to marriage, but statisticians maintain that similar results have frequently been obtained by a knowledge of other languages. Bachelors who are learning Esperanto should take courage again.

* * *

The latest idea in pedagogics is that weather has so great an influence on a child's conduct that one should always tap the barometer before punishing the little one. If the barometer points to "Rain," the tot should be petted, for its bad behaviour is not its own fault, but the weather's. If, on the other hand, the barometer points to "Set Fair," why it is another matter. Then you tap the child. Intelligent children will get to take an interest in the barometer soon, and, perhaps, even induce it always to stop at "Rain."

Photo *Topical Agency*

Subduing the Riots in Belfast: The 2nd Royal Sussex in readiness (!) for an attack by the stone and bottle brigade

One of the most striking factors in the recent disorders was the deliciously easy and unconcerned demeanour of the soldiers in control of the town. In this snapshot, showing a typical street-corner scene, the men are chatting and smoking as though back in barracks. The worst business, however, was invariably after dark, when the pluck and endurance of the men was put to a tantalising test by the attacks of the mob armed with stones, bottles, and such-like missiles

The Battle of the Bottles AT BELFAST

Typical inhabitants of the Falls Road district, which was the centre of the riotous area

"Furies of the Falls"

As Advised by a Socialist M.P.

Rioters helping themselves to paving stones, with which to pelt the troops

Photos *Topical Agency*

The Aftermath of Battle: Funeral of Maggie Lennon and McMullen, victims of the firing of the troops. Five thousand people followed them to their graves at Milltown, mostly strikers and mill-hands

The riots in Belfast have caused much uneasiness to the authorities, and fear has been general that they might form the beginning of either the Irish political Revolution or of the general conflict between Capital and Labour throughout the kingdom. The forces at work to disturb the population were active and powerful, and the presence of troops in place of the disaffected police seems to have provoked the mob to acts of violence. Thanks, however, to the cleverness of the authorities, trouble was averted at the most critical point by withdrawing the troops from the streets, leaving order to be kept by the priests and lay officials, while negotiations were carried on between the strikers and the employers (with the assistance of Sir Antony McDonnell). These resulted satisfactorily, and peace has since been established

RACING NOTIONS

THE NEED FOR PAID RACING STEWARDS. By "CARBINE"

Woolwinder and the St. Leger

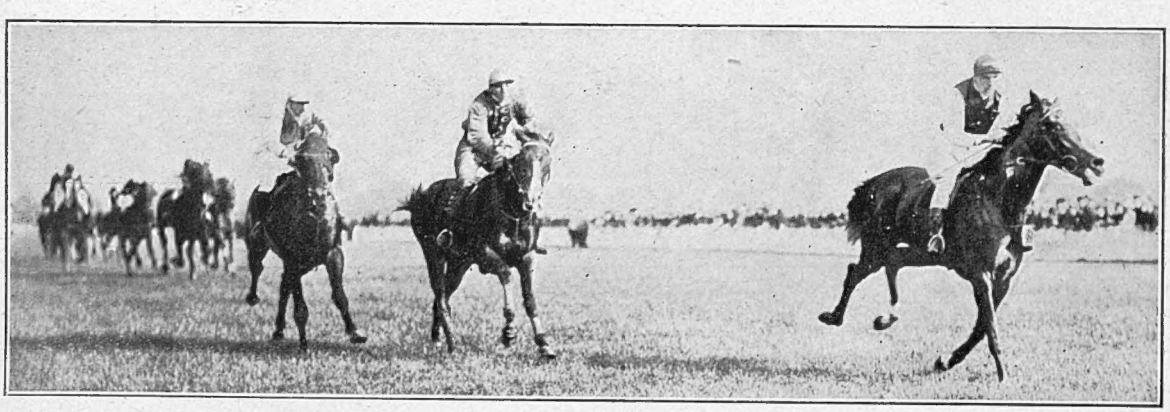
The only favourite who did win at Kempton on Thursday was Woolwinder, but his success did not benefit anybody save the boldest plungers, for the average racegoer is not fond of putting down twenty pounds on the chance of winning three. No doubt it is good interest for your money so long as the unexpected does not happen, but too many hot favourites have been bowled over lately to make the game of laying odds at all attractive. Apart from the betting, however, everyone was interested in Woolwinder's race. The colt had not given general satisfaction at Goodwood, and in view of the St. Leger, now so near at hand, we all wanted to see how the favourite would acquit himself at Kempton. I cannot honestly say that I was particularly smitten with his performance. Certainly he won his race, but not quite in the manner of a champion. Soon after the horses had rounded the bend, there was a chill, anxious moment for the friends of Woolwinder, for he did not seem to be at all comfortable. But Halsey shook him up vigorously, and he beat Earlston easily enough at the finish. One point in his favour is that he showed no want of staying powers, and that is the reason why it is impossible to get away from his great chance at Doncaster. It will be recalled that, in our last issue, I said that I thought 6 to 4 would be a fair price about Woolwinder for the St. Leger. After Kempton I remain of the same opinion, though I am afraid that you cannot get an offer of more than evens now. There is not much inducement to support him at that price at present.

Why Not Have Paid Stewards?

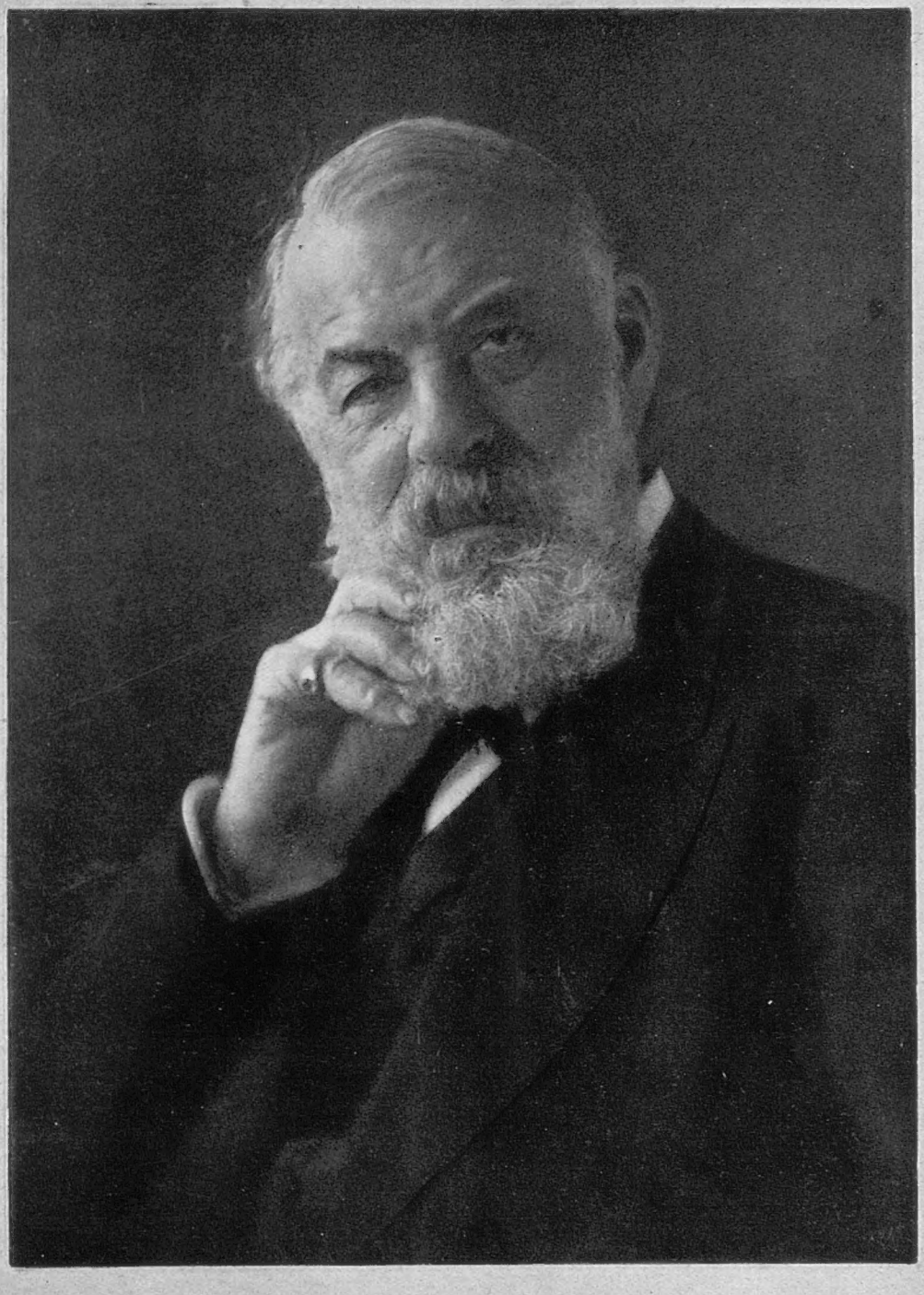
For the life of me, I cannot see why the Jockey Club turn a deaf ear to the repeated suggestion that stipendiary stewards should be engaged The present system is all wrong. Its anomalies are constantly being shown up, and at Windsor last week the weakness of the system was obvious. Mr. J. B. Joel's Menu won the Castle Handicap in a canter, finishing five lengths in front of Tom Wedgwood. But there had been a lot of swerving and jostling in the race, and the winner was objected to. In the original programme of the meeting, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Marcus Beresford, Sir Robert Wilmot, Mr. C. J. Merry, Major Joicey, and Captain J. G. R. Homfray had been mentioned as Stewards. They were wanted now. But where were they? Grouse-shooting, or yachting, or golfing, maybe. Certainly not racing. Only one was present—Sir Robert Wilmot. Lord Essex couldn't officiate because he had backed Menu, so Mr. George Edwardes, who had a horse in the race, was asked to join Sir Robert in dealing with the objection. They disqualified Menu, but nobody was surprised when, on the following day, an appeal was lodged against their decision. I do not say that they were right or wrong in giving the race to the second. What I do complain of is the farcical way in which the Stewards for meetings like Windsor are nominated. The Jockey Club get admirable handicappers, judges, and starters by paying for them. Why, then, shouldn't they get good responsible stewards, and have done, once and for all, with the scandals that repeatedly arise under existing conditions?

Selections for Stockton and Hurst Park

Interest in racing is mainly centred in the North of England just now. Following a good meeting at Redcar come Stockton this week, York next week, and Doncaster a fortnight later. The Hardwicke Stakes on Wednesday may be won by **Renovant**, and the Durham County Plate on the following day by **St. Ollalia**. For the August Plate at Hurst Park on Friday I fancy **Alistair**. A pity that Polar Star will probably not be fit enough to contest the valuable Lennox Plate on Saturday. Now the race will probably prove to be a nice exercise gallop for Woolwinder, in whose absence Weathercock might score. For the Great Ebor Handicap at York, the best things appear to be Plum Tree and Chuckaway, but a final selection may be made next week.

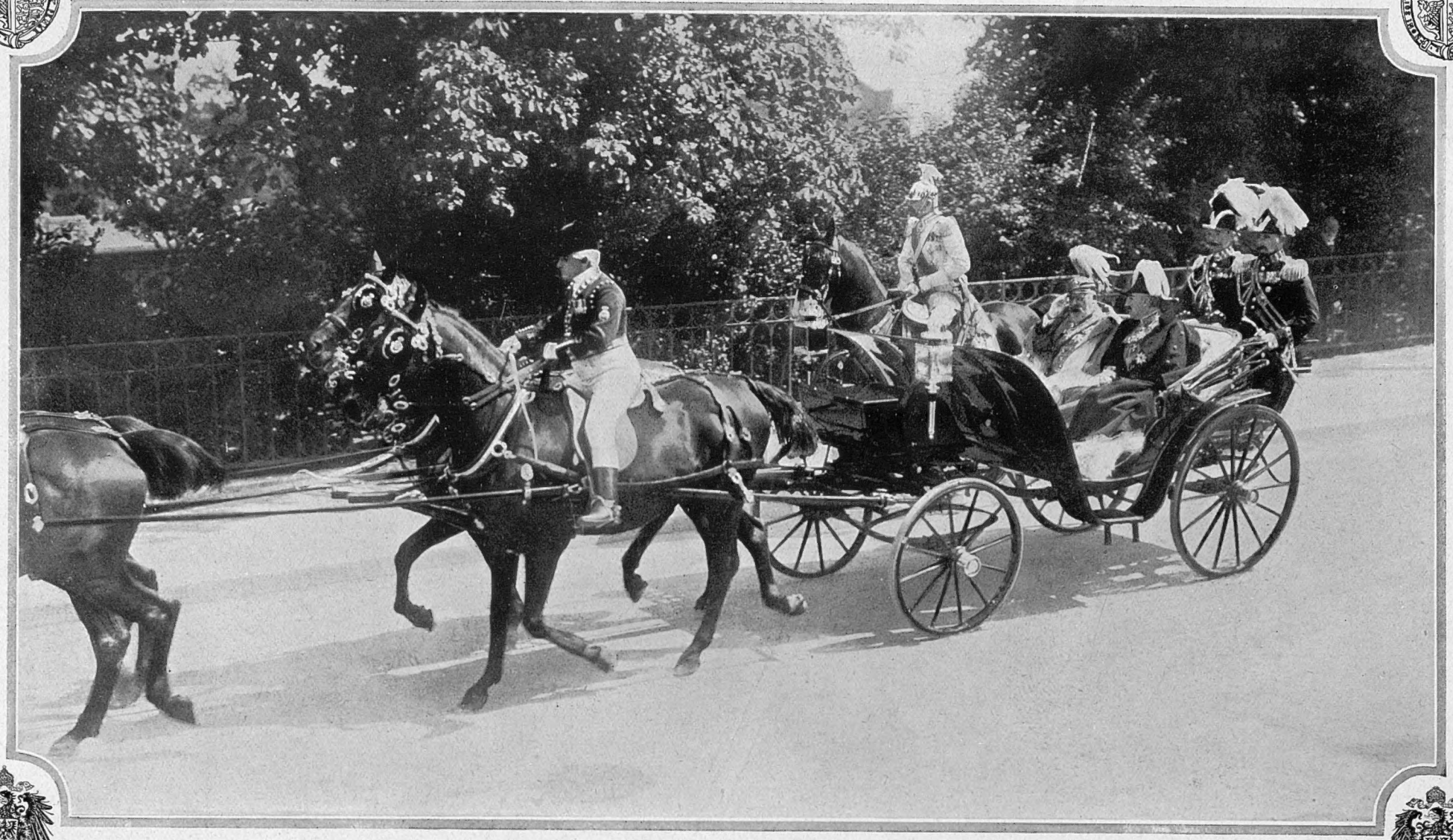


Racing at Kempton: Fallen Angel wins the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate



The Late
DR. JOACHIM
The world's leading violinist, who died in Berlin on the 15th at the age of seventy-six

Photo *R. Duhrkoop*



THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL MEETING AT WILHELMSHÖHE

Their Majesties the King and the Kaiser driving through the streets of Cassel on Wednesday last. (*See "Continental Chat," page 387*)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Photo Lafayette

Lord Ashtown

Whose house, Glenahiry, Co. Waterford, was partly blown up by a bomb in the early hours of one morning last week

Belfast's Priest-Policemen

The settlement of the Belfast trouble reflects great credit on the imagination and cleverness of somebody. The withdrawal of the troops in the face of the infuriated rabble, and the policing of the city, while discussions were going on, by priests, is one of the most extraordinary experiments yet tried in politics. Had it failed, then terrible retribution would have fallen on the heads of those responsible. Its success, however, reflects glory of equal magnitude. But, after all, when two such men as Mr. Birrell and Sir Antony McDonnell, leaving legislation severely alone, set to work determined to settle matters, one is prepared for something at least interesting. Personally, I should like to see Sir Antony given a peerage, and at some future time created Lord-Lieutenant. He seems to have everybody's respect, which is exceptional in Ireland. By the way, the bequeathing of the task of preserving law and order to the priesthood is strong meat for the Nonconformist conscience. Such an official recognition of clerical influence blends badly with the "No Popery" cry.

* * *

Do We Want Esperanto?

I cannot help thinking it is very kind of us all to be so interested in Esperanto, even though it is the Silly Season. Whatever progress Dr. Zamenhof makes with his "lingvo" among the European small fry anxious to understand each other, he can certainly make none whatever in England save among cranks willing to espouse any fad at any time. To the average Englishman, educated or uneducated, it is entirely futile. In the case of the educated man, if Esperanto aspires to be a substitute for his Latin, his French, and his German, it will not be received with a "Thank you." A language lacking the literary or poetic element, decidedly hybrid and ugly to the eye, and with no *nuances* of accent to make it roll musically over the tongue, it is valueless from the point of view of culture. Better learn the smallest language actually spoken by the smallest of nations—Dutch, Danish,

AN HISTORIC MEETING

The Tsar and Kaiser on board the launch crossing from the "Standart" to the "Hohenzollern" at Swinemunde

"The General"—His Portrait

Bulgarian, as you please—than a jargon reflective of everybody, which means nobody. As to the untutored Englishman, at present he learns no language. If, however, you are going to make him change his ways, you may lure him to French by the prospect of a *parlez-vous* with a *cocotte* in the Olympia or one of the Folies; or to German by visions of abusing, in their native tongue, Rhenish waiters and porters. But Esperanto! No, no, Dr. Zamenhof! John Bull would rather be vulgar in the vilest French or the ghastliest German than polite in the most polished of "universal" languages. But I am not able to see that Esperanto is even polished. It seems to me to be a hotch-potch, based on no such logical principle as, say, Pitman's Shorthand. Why a man should be "Sinjoro," a girl "Fraulino"—Italo-Spanish for the one, German for the other—Zamenhof only knows; while the constant recurrence, in an Esperanto paragraph, of the letters "k" and "j," entirely spoils any beauty in the written language.

* * *

"General" Booth

General Booth has just completed a motor-car tour in Wales. Nearly half a century ago he stood alone, despised and rejected, laughed at, utterly discountenanced. To-day, in the United Kingdom nearly ten thousand men and women spend their lives in his service. Forty thousand more, though not paid workers, labour always for the cause, and are at his beck and call should he require them. He is a great leader, and, like all such leaders, to some extent an autocrat. His way is right. Other ways are wrong. His self-confidence is a splendid, an amazing characteristic. In a sense, he is a mass of contradictions. With all his autocracy, he has the simple faith of a child. Rough-and-ready speech disguises a mind spiritual to asceticism, and blatant sensationalism clothes strong common sense. With a tolerance almost divine, he combines a narrow-mindedness which smacks richly of the meeting-house of his youth. He has a strong sense of humour, the sort of humour which might well set your teeth on edge, but which is very well suited to the work it has to do, and a never-failing versatility.

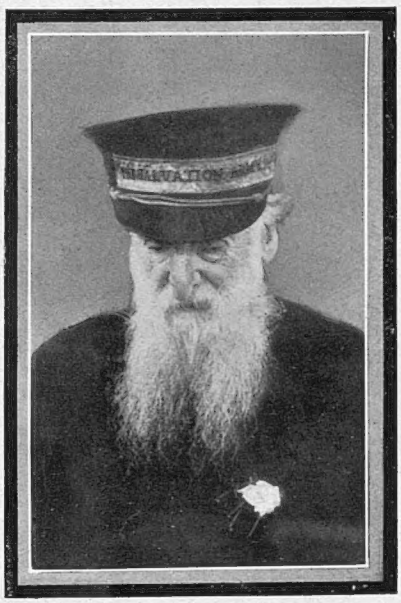


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"The General": His latest portrait

Photograph of Gen. Booth, taken at Cardiff during his motor tour, while he was leaving the City Hall

* * *

Great Scottish Shoots

Late in September it is expected that the King will shoot with the Duke of Richmond over the Gordon Castle moors, which, this year, the Duke has retained for his own pleasure. Later still, the Prince of Wales will join the Duke for salmon fishing on the Spey. All the famous Highland moors are let. Mr. Asquith, kept in Town, like many another weary legislator, by the exigencies of the life parliamentary, has taken Highfield, in the Dingwall district. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin are, as usual, entertaining lavishly at Balmacaan, Lady Seafield's place, and their son, for the first time, shoots his own moors, those of Hobseat, from Fetteresso Castle, in Kincardineshire. The wonderful Dunachten and Phones moors, last year rented by the late Mr. James Smith, multi-millionaire, are this year to be shot by Mr. Joseph Watson, of Weatherby, while Captain Beatty, whose delightful portrait in this year's Academy has branded him for ever as a "quite beautiful" man, and who is married to the very rich daughter of the late Mrs. Marshall Field, again shoots over Invercauld.

* * *

And Some Owners

The Duke and Duchess of Portland at Langwell and Berriedale, in Caithness, are entertaining their usual succession of shooting parties. At Dunrobin the Duke of Sutherland is already shooting; Lord Cromer, freed at last from the pressing cares of State, is gaily shooting with Mr. Baring at Castle Leod, in Ross-shire; the Countess of Cromartie and Major Blunt-Mackenzie have settled down at Ben-More for the autumn; Lord Cairns has taken the Duke of Buccleuch's Johnstone House shootings; and the Marquis of Graham is entertaining on the Isle of Arran. In the West Highlands the Inverary gathering is the feature of the week. It takes place to-day in the grounds of Inverary Castle, which Lord George Campbell has rented from the Duke of Argyll, and the pipe-band of Lord Archie Campbell takes prominent part. Oban, the "Charing Cross" and chief yachting centre of the west, is already at the zenith of its tiny season. In accordance with ancient custom, Bond Street prices are asked in the smallest hovels of shops, the price of the simplest commodities being always, in August and September, at least trebled.

* * *

Tips and Hosts

Talking of the moors and the different shoots reminds me of the very latest thing in tip stories which has reached me. A friend of mine, of only moderate income as incomes go nowadays, went up to Scotland for the Twelfth. He stayed in a big, well-known house, and for three days shot over his host's moors. Before leaving he presented the inevitable tips, giving the head gamekeeper a sovereign. Returning South, he found that he had left behind him his most valuable gun. He therefore wrote the head-keeper, asking that it might be forwarded to him. In reply, he received a curt note to the effect that the gun would be sent when the owner made up the keeper's tip to the correct

Bai Jovo! Esperantists Seeing the Sights OF CAMBRIDGE

Studies in Esperantist Expression

A little group of sightseeing enthusiasts admiring one of Cambridge's ancient monuments. The expressions (in Esperanto) which fell from their lips are said to have simply staggered the natives

Esperanto for the—Home?

Ladies as Advocates of the novo lingo. In cap and gown are Miss Auld and Miss Blot

Trying it on the Policeman

Courageous attempt by an Intelligent Foreigner on a Man in Blue

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Cambridge Streets Decorated with Esperanto Flags

Cambridge (the town element), waxing mildly enthusiastic over Esperanto, hangs up a flag or two. The most notable thing about the old town to delight the Esperantists is the entire absence, just now, of 'Varsity men. This is, of course, rather a pity, as they would assuredly have given the Conference a reception replete with delicacy and charm

Lord Lovat and His Estates

amount—*i.e.* £5. Annoyed, my friend forwarded this communication to his host, and by return received a letter in which he was informed that it was impossible for his host to interfere "between my guests and my servants," and that therefore he could do nothing. My friend paid. It was a case of *nolens volens* and looking pleasant. But it puts a new and still more disagreeable light on the tipping evil.

* * *

The Lovat Estates

Sooner or later, it seems, all great estates are threatened with "rightful heirs." Lord Lovat, whose Inverness-shire and Ross-shire estates are among the finest in Scotland, is the latest landowner, it is reported, to be threatened by the menaces of a claimant to his title and estates. The claim is presented by Mr. John Fraser, of Winnipeg, and rests on the fact that in 1689 a certain ancestor of Lord Lovat's, Alexander Fraser, fled into Wales. Two hundred years later the House of Lords admitted that if Alexander's marriage could be proved, the claim of a descendant in the male line would be valid. Mr. Fraser contends that he is that descendant, and he is, therefore, laying claim to an estate which includes Beaufort Castle, some 200,000 acres of land, and some of the best sport in all Scotland. The Castle itself is this year let to Mr. C. W. Ogden. In former seasons it has been let successively to Lord Wimborne, to Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth, and to Mr. Henry Phipps, the American millionaire sportsman.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Lord Lovat

To whose title and estates the inevitable "rightful heir" is said to be making claim

* * *

Historic Morar

Lord Lovat himself is shooting over some moors at Killin, in the valley of Lochness. For fishing he will go to Morar, his property in the extreme west of Inverness-shire. His lodge there is built, most picturesquely, on the edge of Morar Loch, the deepest freshwater loch in the three kingdoms. It is connected with the career of Simon, tenth Lord Lovat. He hid in its surrounding fastnesses, but was found, dragged out, and decapitated by order of the King on Tower Hill in 1747. To-day the men of Morar are loyal fishermen. They are nearly all Catholics, Protestantism having not yet penetrated to their retreat.

* * *

The Amazing Journey

Before the advent of Prince "Scipio Asiaticus," as the famous motorist has been happily christened, the Borghese family stood already passing high on the world's roll of fame. The amazing journey, whereby one of its younger sons has driven a motor-car across Asia and Europe, from Pekin to Paris, adds yet another famous chapter. In sixty-two days, the Prince covered some 8,000 troublous miles, and has forgotten more vicissitudes and more discomforts than the ordinary stay-at-home man ever knew of. Buried,

Photo] **Beaufort Castle: Lord Lovat's famous seat in Ross-shire** *[Whyte*

Now being claimed by an alleged "rightful heir," Mr. John Fraser, of Winnipeg. It has this year been let to Mr. C. W. Ogden. One of the finest places in Scotland, its tenancy includes 22,000 acres of shooting, a deer-forest, and three miles of splendid salmon-fishing in the Beauly. It has been rented previously by Lord Wimborne, Mr. Henry Phipps, and Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth

Grouse Shooting at Bolton Abbey

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS THE GUEST OF "THE DUKE"

The Prince of Wales and the other Members of the Party at Bolton Abbey

Reading left to right: Hon. H. Stonor, Mr. Richard Cavendish, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. Victor Cavendish, Master Eddy Cavendish, Lord Stanley, Sir Charles Cust

The illness of the Duke of Devonshire has prevented his being present at Bolton Abbey to entertain the distinguished party of guests who annually meet at his beautiful Yorkshire seat for the grouse shooting. Besides the Prince of Wales, who is almost invariably present, and whose prowess as a shot is so well known, the party includes some of the best-known sportsmen in the kingdom

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

An Accident to an Important Member of the Party: Hector (one of the dogs) after being kicked by a horse

THE CULTIVATION OF THE GARDEN: THE CHARMING ROSARY AT MRS. MEREDITH'S RESIDENCE AT BASCHURCH, SHROPSHIRE

The most striking peculiarity about the garden shown above is that it was only laid out two years ago

Not a Democratic Peer

wheel-deep, in morasses, half-drowned in swollen rivers, engulfed in impenetrable forests, cut by icy blasts, burned by blazing suns, caught in cyclones, stuck fast in sand-deserts, drenched in rain-storms, still the Prince, a marvel of pluck, energy, resourcefulness, and technical skill, continued his triumphal way. All the other cars which started fell out. The strain was too much, or they had no luck, or their handling was less skilful. Only the Roman Prince fought through. Sometimes blood does tell. He deserves all the acclamation Paris—a right hearty acclaimer—has vouchsafed him. We echo it all in our quieter, less-impassioned fashion over here.

* * *

The Borghese Family

Prince Scipione Borghese, who is married to a member of the Ferrari family, is the second son of Prince Paul Borghese, and has, through his mother, Hungarian blood in his veins. The Borghese have given Cardinals and Popes to the Church. In 1605, Cardinal Camillo Borghese ascended the Papal Throne as Paul V. Cardinal Scipio Borghese built the famous Villa Borghese which has lately, by public subscription, been acquired by Rome, and yet another Borghese, Prince Mark Antony, married the sister of Napoleon, "exquisite and voluptuous" (*vide* Lord Rosebery) Pauline Bonaparte. From Mark Antony, Napoleon bought the wonderful Borghese art collection for thirteen million francs, giving the Principality of Piedmont in part payment. With the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty the Prince lost his throne, but most of the famous collection was returned to him. Bit by bit it has been sold to augment the reduced incomes of his descendants. To-day one meets it in Park Lane, in New York, in Paris — anywhere where millionaires and collectors do congregate. But very little, even of the sculpture, remains in Rome.

Photo H. G. Chase

Lord Abergavenny

Eighty-one last week. He is many things to many men, but *not* a democrat

* * *

The Marquis of Abergavenny

Lord Abergavenny, who last week celebrated his eighty-first birthday, is sometimes, by those who know him only through the medium of the newspapers, described as a democratic peer. As a matter of fact, a peer less democratic than the noble Marquis in question it would be hard to find. Democracy and the Nevills, like oil and water, do not mix. Lord Abergavenny has done everything an ultra-Conservative, blue-blooded landowner should do. Raced, hunted, been in the Guards, dabbled in politics, played the affable Squire, and presented to the world a large family. He succeeded to the Earldom of Abergavenny in 1868, and was created Marquis eight years later. His eldest son, the Earl of Lewes, has been a life-long invalid. Lord Henry Nevill, his second son, lives at Eridge, and is his father's devoted companion. One of his daughters, now Mrs. R. E. Myddelton, was first married to Earl Cowley, to whom a son, by his second wife, formerly Lady Hartopp, has just been born.

* * *

A Return to Italy

In the marriage of Miss Nora Shelley to Signor Fausta Leva, of the Italian Navy, on Saturday, there is more than usual romantic interest. In Italy the bride's poet-ancestor, Percy Bysshe Shelley, lived with Mary Godwin, married her, wrote his finest poems—"Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci"—and died. In Italy, as the wife of an Italian naval officer, the future Signora Leva will take up her abode. Miss Nora Shelley is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Shelley and of Lady Mary Shelley, a daughter of the Earl of Courtown. The Shelleys are an old Kent family, who derive their name from the Manor of Shelley, given to them in the reign of Edward I. The head of the family, Sir John Shelley, resides at Shobrooke Park, in Devonshire; but the younger and better-known branch, to which the present bride belongs, and of which the head is Sir John Courtown Shelley, are Sussex people.

* * *

An Engagement

Miss Gertrude de Stacpoole, whose engagement to Major McMicking of the Scots Guards is announced, is the only daughter of the fourth Duke de Stacpoole in the Papal peerage. The Duke, though a British subject, is not a British Duke, being the grandson of an Irish gentleman whose father was ennobled by Louis XVIII. at the Restoration, and who was created a Marquis by Pope Leo XII. and a Duke by his successor. The present Duke de Stacpoole's father, Mgr. George de Stacpoole, was a well-known figure in Rome some thirty years ago. He took Orders after the death of his wife, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter. In the last days of Pope Pius IX., the tall, ascetic-looking marquis-Monsignore and his little son and auburn-haired daughter were constantly to be seen about together. The small boy is the present Duke, the girl is Mrs. John Talbot, of Lyme Regis, the wife of a connection of Lord Talbot de Malahide.

* * *

On Gardens

It is possible to think, to speak, to write, lightly, skimmingly, frivolously, on most solemn things. On men and books, on politics and parsons, even on

An Engagement and a Marriage

Photos

Major H. McMicking
Of the Scots Guards

Barnett

Miss Gertrude de Stacpoole
A daughter of the fourth Duke de Stacpoole, of the Papal peerage

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

frocks and frills. But on a garden, on the most comforting, the most lovable thing in the world one must needs be serious. At least, I must. A garden is like a child—fresh and gloriously innocent. It is like a dog—lavish in love, with upturned face ever demanding proof of yours, and, also like a dog, it seldom, if only one loves it enough, disappoints one.

* * *

English Gardens

English gardens, of course, are the most beautiful in the world. Italian gardens, pictured by d'Annunzio, savour ever of that decadent quality which shines through his writing. German gardens! I know them well! They are composed, as a rule, chiefly of brilliant, many-coloured asters, and about them romance is forbidden sternly to linger. French gardens have about them so often the artificiality, the precision, of a Watteau, a Fragonard; they are very sweet, but they are never so sweet as in England. But only English gardens have my love. English women, in a garden, know full well their value as a setting. Indeed, the cult of the garden (with a large staff to do "all the dirty work") is a pose high in favour with the great ladies of England. In the rose-time—a time when "everyone" is in Town—English gardens are, perhaps, at their best. It is roses, roses all the way. "*Peu de choses, mais roses,*" is the motto of Lady Warwick's dream-lovely rose-garden at Easton Lodge, and Lady Gerard at Eastwell Park, her sister, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox (a clever landscape gardener), at Broughton Castle, Lady Downe at Dingley, and Lady Falmouth at Maidstone, all have celebrated and varyingly beautiful rose-gardens.

* * *

A Rose Prizewinner

Over in Ireland Lady Ashtown has just been taking numerous prizes at the Galway County Show for her roses and begonias. Her beautiful home, Woodlawns, is famous for its lovely gardens, and Lady Ashtown, who resides there almost entirely, is a keen and practical gardener. Lord Ashtown, it will be remembered, is one of the protected landlords. He owns over 20,000 acres in Counties Waterford and Galway, and his house and person are always under police guard. At Dromoland, Lady Inchiquin's much-loved home, violets flourish as they flourish nowhere but in the sister isle; and at Dereen, Lord Lansdowne's seat in Co. Kerry, flowers and shrubs bloom in tropical magnificence. Back in England, Lady Helen Vincent at Esher, and Lady Grosvenor at Saighton, have gardens which bespeak thought and affection in their making. At Esher Place, Lady Helen Vincent has a scented garden, where bloom only flowers of fragrance—roses, heliotrope, sweet peas, mignonette, verbena; a kitchen garden, with sundial and closed in with hedge of yew; and a cottage garden, full of old-world flowers and herbaceous borders. At Saighton Grange, Lady Grosvenor has half a dozen gardens in one. There is a lavender garden, just now a bewildering maze of sweetness; a bulb garden, in the Spring a brilliant blaze of welcome colour; a paved garden, in remembrance of the days when Saighton was a monastery; and a Saints' garden, set round with box and planted with flowers—veronica, lily, and the like—which blossom on the days apportioned to the different Saints.

Photos

Miss Nora Shelley
A descendant of the poet and a grand-daughter of the Earl of Courtown

Stéphanie Maud

Signor Fausta Leva
Of the Italian Navy

MARRIED LAST SATURDAY

The Alpine Accident Season

HOW A SEARCH PARTY SEARCHES FOR THE VICTIM'S BODY

1.—The party starts the ascent. (Note the effect of an avalanche on the forest behind)

2.—Digging their way through the snow

3.—After four hours' digging. Note the depth of the snow (and the watchful attitude of the St. Bernard)

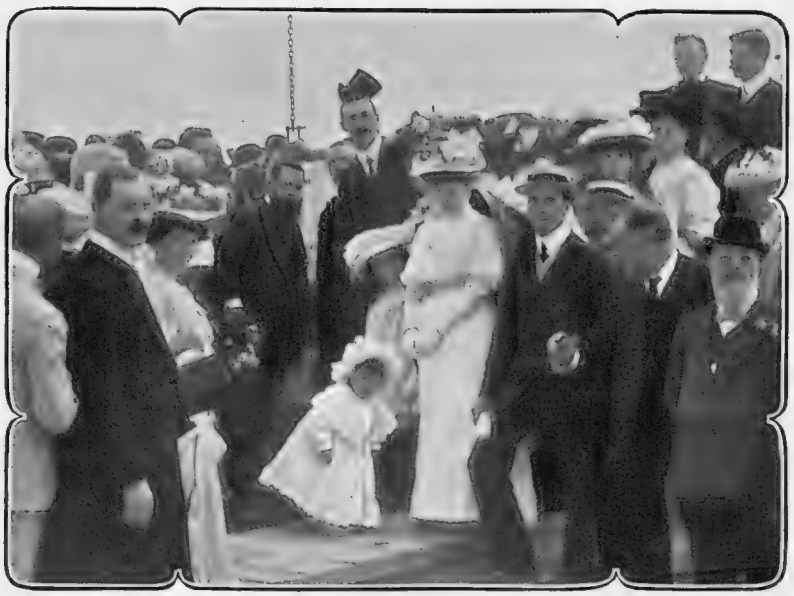
4.—The body being brought down the mountain

5.—On terra firma. The search party arrives on the pasture-land below

The recurrence, at this time of year, of accidents on the Alps, lends interest to these photographs, which give an idea of how a search party goes to work to find the remains of a victim. In the above case, the search was entirely successful

Photos *Steinmann*

LITTLE-HAMPTON Threatens to Become Big-hampton



The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and their little Daughter at Littlehampton

Little Lady Rachel Howard made her first appearance at a public ceremony with her father and mother at Littlehampton recently at the laying of the foundation stone of the town's new bridge

Lord Rosebery's Return

The political sensation of the dying Parliament has, of course, been the emergence, in dramatic posture, of Lord Rosebery, with a biting speech, full of picturesque phrases, against the Scottish Land Bill. The speech was, perhaps, the finest piece of vituperation we have lately heard, and proves that Lord Rosebery is still practically our only political phrase-maker. It has long been the custom to jeer and sneer at the lonely ploughman. He has, however, a peculiarly awkward habit of returning the gibes in coin with compound interest when the time comes. It will be a long time before the Government recovers from that pertinent question as to whether they were going to stand on "the English or the Scottish leg" in their land legislation, and his lordship's own declaration that "he would not vote for introducing, directly or indirectly, into the body politic of Scotland the poisonous bacillus of the Irish agrarian system."

* * *

Littlehampton's New Bridge

Those who have suffered as I have done by the tedious windings and twistings of many of our roads on the South Coast, often necessitating a twelve-mile road journey to a spot really only about five miles distant, will be glad to learn that a bridge is now in the course of erection over the River Arun at Littlehampton, whereby the distance between that rising seaside town and that of its neighbours, Bognor and Chichester, will be almost halved. The scheme also includes the remaking of the roads for a mile or two on either side of the new bridge, which, by the way, is to be a swinging one so that a clear navigable waterway of some seventy-five feet is left in the middle of the stream. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone was carried out by the Duke of Norfolk a week or two back, and was the occasion of the first public appearance of the Duke's little daughter, Lady Rachel Howard.

The Quaint and Picturesque Ferry at Littlehampton, which is now being Replaced by a Swing Bridge

Visitors to Littlehampton will not after this year have an opportunity of tasting the delights of crossing the River Arun in the antiquated but picturesque ferry, which has done duty for so many years past, for its place is shortly to be taken by a new swing bridge. This will shorten the distance by road to the neighbouring towns of Bognor and Chichester by seven and five miles respectively

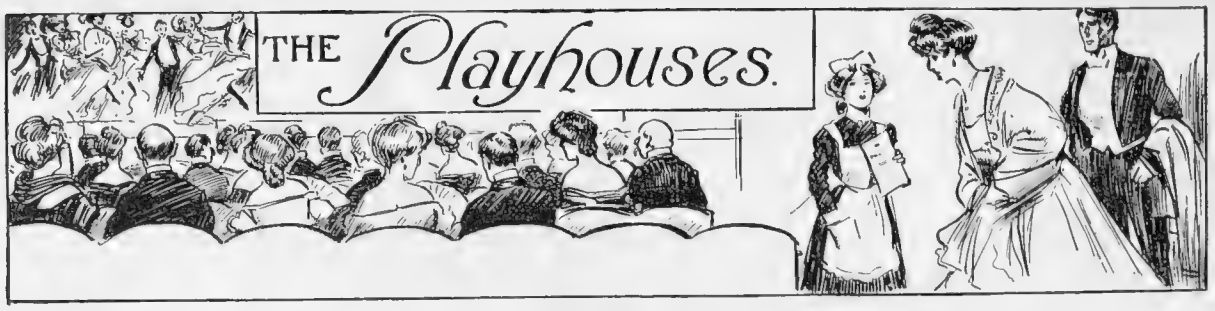
Birds of a Feather

SYNONYMOUS

DINER: "Who are those two gentlemen behind me, George?"

WAITER: "One of them's a journalist, sir, and the other has no money either"

BY BERT THOMAS



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH

LYRIC THEATRE

Any signs are welcome which proclaim the growing popularity of Grand Opera in England. Of these signs none are so significant as the success which has attended Mr. Manners's season at the Lyric Theatre. The houses have been both good and appreciative. At one time Shakespeare spelt ruin; now ofttimes he recoups managers for disastrous speculations in the works of modern dramatists. A like change would seem to be coming over the chances of mounting Grand Opera at popular prices. It is no longer the hazard it used to be. We may yet be far from a state of enjoying opera all the year round, and paying for the entertainment no higher than the French, the Germans, and the Italians. But the distance is measurable. When we arrive at the goal and talk over the incidents of the journeying, one name will crop up very frequently — the name of Mr. Charles Manners. He has pegged away all the time. He started with a high standard and has maintained it. The importance of his present victorious campaign at the Lyric Theatre is not to be overrated. He has proved that the thing can be done, and, as so often happens in theatrical history, once a pioneer has dared to show the way, less venturesome spirits crowd at his heels to profit by his daring.

Photo *Draycott Gallery*

The Youngest Actress-Manageress

Miss Florence Glossop Harris, who, for the second year, is taking her own repertoire company out in the Provinces

Many of the performances at the Lyric Theatre have been on so high a plane that there is no necessity to heighten their value by drawing attention to the difficulties which have beset the producer. Even the fortunate foreigner brought up on Grand Opera must have been impressed by the performances of *Lohengrin* and *Aïda*. In the former, Mr. John Coates scored what was little short of a triumph. With such a start as the Moody-Manners Company gained, the interest aroused by the announcement that *La Bohème* would be played for the first time in English in London is not to be wondered at. The first performance drew a bumper house, which was frequently aroused to genuine, whole-hearted enthusiasm. Even if Mr. Joseph O'Mara and Mme. De Vere-Sapio had sung less artistically than they did, the playgoer must have been struck by the meaning and cleverness of their acting. They revealed, as few singers are able to reveal, the full measure of laughter and tears in this setting of Henri Muerger's immortal story. They made one realise that Rudolph and Mimi are two rôles so human that singers who approach them with no thought of their humanity are severely handicapped.

The cast of the Moody-Manners Opera Co. perform *La Bohème* as it should be performed, that is to say, as a moving story which has inspired a composer. In the beginning there was a story called "La Bohéme," and then there was a score. This sequence is apt to be overlooked by operatic artists. The lovable companions of the poet Rudolph, the musician, the painter, and the philosopher, were played as well as sung most excellently by Messrs. William Dever, Lewys James, and Charles Magrath. Miss Hilda Moody will show to greater advantage as Musetta when the nervousness wears off which prompts her to too great a display of animation in her acting. She raged round the stage like a termagant, upsetting all who stood in her path. She increased the difficulties of Musetta by turning the rôle into a singing Katharine the Shrew.

Rash Judgment

Mr. Walter C. Kelly, the American Momologist, who is aptly named "The Virginia Judge," and is now appearing at the Palace Theatre, tells a little story of an incident that occurred to him in Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Kelly was appearing at the local music-hall with his Virginian Police Court Sketch, in which he is at present performing. One morning a committee from the Resident Irish Society waited upon him; the petition presented was that the artist should so alter his sketch of the Irishman who figured in it as to make it appear that the Hibernian had the best of the argument. Mr. Kelly demurred, and the spokesman of the deputation delivered himself thusly: "Av course, Misther Kelly, ye will use yer own judgment. A month ago,

A GLIMPSE OF A POPULAR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT

BY NORMAN MORROW

Misther Aubrey Boucicault played here in 'The Irish Shaugran,' and we went to him and asked him to wear a wig of anither colour. He used his own judgment, just as you are going to do, but he had to git a new set of scenery before he left this town."

THE YOUNGEST ACTRESS-MANAGERESS

It is not surprising to find that a good portion of the great histrionic and administrative abilities of the late Sir Augustus Harris has descended upon his only daughter, Miss Florence Glossop Harris, who, aged only twenty-three years, has just taken out her repertoire company for the second time in the Provinces. It is no light task to engage, manage, and finance a company, but the youngest actress-manageress makes light of her triple rôle. Responsibility sits lightly upon her shoulders, for the reason that she has ability to help her bear the burden. She has surrounded herself with a company the members of which are endowed with two qualities not always found in combination—youth and experience. The amateur element does not appear in Miss Harris's company; notwithstanding their youthful appearance, the members of her company have all learned their business.

Miss Harris has already produced *As You Like It*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Camille*, *The Critic*, and *Carmen* (with Bizet's music). A feature of her present tour is the production of *The Royal Oak*, the famous Drury Lane drama which her father wrote in collaboration with Mr. Henry Hamilton.

E. C. S.

"THE OLYMPIAN GARDENS," BOGNOR

They say, "Once go to Bognor, always go to Bognor"; and this is true enough, as one sees the same visitors year after year. The remark may be with equal truth applied to the Bognor "Gaff," as it is familiarly called by those who love it best.

The first half of the evening's entertainment is usually given in Pierrot costume, and the second half in evening dress. Each part opens with a piano solo by an accomplished pianist, Miss Elsie English, who works with a will, and, besides accompanying everyone else, also sings a couple of songs in lighter vein very creditably.

Then there is a really first-class baritone in Mr. Robert Macaig, and a gifted young conjurer, Mr. Ernest Sewell, who, in the second half, also gives a really wonderful entertainment as "Living Marionettes." Nightly, Mr. J. M. Campbell almost brings the roof down with his humorous songs and his exceedingly clever impersonations, and when he sings "Topsy Turvy" he reminds me more of Arthur Roberts than anyone I have ever seen.

Perhaps, however, the greatest favourite is Miss Carrie Herwin, a dainty contralto, who renders such songs as "The Valley by the Sea," "Idle Words," etc., with exquisite pathos, her low notes being superb. Another celebrity who must not be forgotten is Mr. Wallis Arthur, with his humorous songs and funny gags. The whole entertainment goes with a delightful swing, and one gets not only quantity for one's shilling, but what is equally important—quality.

H. P. S.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

The Mounting of a Modern "Curtain-Raiser"

It is not often that a first piece is mounted in as lavish a manner as *Charlie the Sport*, recently produced in front of *My Wife* at the Haymarket Theatre. The scene depicted is the approach to a racecourse, the sward, the trees, and the crowd making up a most realistic *mise-en-scène*. The play, adapted from the French by Mr. Michael Morton, concerns a very sentimental pickpocket who, finding that the girl he loves is fond of his rival, allows that rival to escape the attentions of the police. The illustration shows Mr. Harry Norton as "Billy the Kid" doing a little tipping

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Last Week's Royal Meetings

So the visits are over! The King has been to Wilhelmshöhe, paid his visit to the Emperor William, and everything has turned out in a most satisfactory manner. Wilhelmshöhe is one of the loveliest places in Germany. I went there some years ago. It was summer. Just that day the cascades were playing, there were not too many people, and but for the palace, a reduced replica of the Versailles style of building, the spot would have been perfection. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century everything French was the rage in Germany, and the model of Royal dignity was the King of France. French books were practically considered the only things to be read, French art was the only art, French music, poetry, manners, and dress, alone counted for anything at all. There was just one qualification for this, however, and that was that Italians were often employed to carry out French ideas. So the Landgraf of his time brought over Guerniert, an Italian architect, to build him his Versailles. I never admired Versailles, and still less its German imitations, which, even dating from a couple of centuries ago, seemed to be hall-marked, "Made in Germany." The exterior of Versailles always appears to me to belong to the dreary barrack style of architecture, and the palace at Wilhelmshöhe is still worse. What a blessing it was the Germans discovered Shakespeare, and gave up a style so totally unsuited to their national character. Would that they could remain under that healthy influence, instead of once more becoming a slave to an art like the French, which they never did, and never will, understand? The worst of it is that their combined French and Italian prototype at present is one of the most decadent in the history of architecture, the Rococo; but that is another story, and I will return to it at some future date.

A MEETING-PLACE OF ILL-OMEN?

Wilhelmshöhe: Where the King and Kaiser met last week

Though the world at large is pleased that their two Majesties had a friendly meeting last week, the fact that it was at Wilhelmshöhe is anything but gratifying to our French allies. Wilhelmshöhe was, it will be remembered, practically the St. Helena of the last of the Napoleons—the place wherein the unfortunate third Emperor was incarcerated after he surrendered his sword, and in which he spent eight months of misery after the war of 1870-1. The French think the place an unlucky one to be chosen for such a meeting as that of last week

A Palace of Romance: Where Boccaccio told the "Decamerone"

The Villa Palmieri, at Florence, which has been sold by Lord Crawford to an American—Mr. James W. Ellsworth, of New York. Tradition alleges that the "Decamerone" tales were told here, and it is said that Mr. Ellsworth will refurnish the Villa in the manner of Boccaccio's days

An Ill-Omened Meeting-Place

To come back to Wilhelmshöhe and the King's visit. It is now one of the subordinate Imperial residences. Its chief title to fame is the fact that Napoleon III. was confined there for nearly eight months. Poor Emperor! When he drove up in the Prussian Royal carriage, accompanied by a cavalry escort, and with all the honours due to his rank, he murmured to his companion, "So this is my Elba!" And what a captivity! Eight winter months, with only news of disaster following disaster to change the monotony of his existence and the sense of his own terrible weakness and insufficiency.

Many of King Edward's French admirers — Bonapartists to the back-bone—feel sorry that the King and his nephew should have decided to bury the hatchet—if, indeed, there is one to bury—in a place which has for them almost the same bitter associations as St. Helena. Superstitious people consider it unlucky. Yet the interview has taken place. It is more than probable that neither the King nor Kaiser had time or inclination to devote one single thought to the ill-fated Napoleon.

The Kaiser as a Hustler

Was there ever a greater contrast between two monarchs than the King and Kaiser, and yet they are so nearly related? The one is the model of a Constitutional Sovereign, and the other an autocrat: Edward VII. is one of the most aristocratic of beings, and the Kaiser the most democratic. The Emperor is the hardest-worked official in Germany. Like good old King Alfred, he has his "time-table," and his day is mapped out with a minuteness which would shame any ordinary mortal. His only recreation when on duty is a frantic motor-car ride from the Schloss through the Thiergarten and back by the Unter den Linden. The time when he reaches Berlin's great thoroughfare is known to the minute. A discreet line of admirers silently lift their hats, the traffic sidles to the left, and the Imperial car rushes by to enable his Majesty to resume work and keep his next appointment after his half-hour in the fresh air.

With all his faults, and no doubt he has many, there is something almost touching in this man's hard-working devotion to his country's welfare. There is hardly a State document that he does not conscientiously read from beginning to end, and, in fact, a special copy is made for his benefit, with a broad margin for the Imperial comments. This nervous and vigorous Emperor has an occupation for every spare moment, when he will either eke out an audience or send for some official or Minister to clear up a certain point, or dictate to his secretary a memorandum or something which has suddenly occurred to him—in short, not one moment of the Emperor's long working day is lost.

The result of this feverish application to work is that the Emperor has had little time to acquire those delicate nothings which go to make up tact. The result has been that he has a few very firm friends, but also a good many enemies. Tact is an art of the leisurely, and the Emperor has no leisure. I remember a little story of him which is characteristic, and it has the merit of being *inédit*. He met a young lady (not a German) on one of his yachting excursions, and, in his open, seamanlike way, he told her a great deal

about himself, and encouraged her to equal frankness. Among other things, she told him she had a brother, who held a subordinate professorship in a certain German University. "And how does he like it?" asked the Emperor, "Oh! sir, very well," she replied, "except that his salary is very small." "How much does he get?" "Only £8 a month, sir." "Ridiculous," said the Emperor, and he called his secretary to make a note of it. Two years later, on visiting the University, he remembered the young man's name, sent for him, and secured his promotion by the Rector.

Rightly or wrongly, the tension between England and Germany is attributed in the latter country to the King. It is supposed there that the King and Emperor have had a personal difference. I have even heard it circumstantially explained, although circumstances in such matters are of rapid growth. Two years ago, however, it is remembered, the King, returning from Marienbad, passed near to where the Emperor was staying without alighting. It is true that the King passed the place where the Emperor was sleeping the sleep of the just at dead of night, but these are details. Last year the King alighted at Cronberg, and ostentatiously took a motor-drive with his nephew. What conversation took place during this famous drive no one exactly knows, although all kinds of things have been suggested. I believe myself the Emperor gave the King an invitation for himself and the Queen to visit their Imperial Majesties this summer. A little difficulty arose out of the fact that the Queen had never accompanied the King on his visits to France, and that if she went with him to Germany this might lead to a misunderstanding. Hence the visit of the King and Queen to Paris this Spring. But why did this joint visit to Germany not come off? The most probable explanation is the present state of exaggerated hostility to the King throughout the Fatherland. No doubt, the Emperor thought that the first official visit should be paid by the King. In this way the German people would see that he had no ill-feeling against Germany, and at the same time he would have paid that visit to his fellow-Sovereign which newcomers in the community of monarchs are expected to make. However, the point seems to have been settled otherwise, for the Kaiser and Kaiserin are, this autumn, to pay the first official visit, and our King and Queen to return it next year.

The Ischl Meeting

The King left the day after his arrival for Ischl to meet the Emperor of Austria. At Gmunden the aged Emperor awaited his guest, went on with him to Ischl, and politics had no more to do with this interview than the other. The day was passed in visits to the different members of the Imperial family. There was a State dinner, a gala performance, and brilliant illuminations on the neighbouring hills. All this in four days! Poor King Edward! To have to drop visits on your brother Kings when you are worn out by a hard season and longing for a rest, throws some sidelight on the discomforts of being a King.

Photo *Machin*

An Interesting Alpine Ceremony: Catholic Priest blessing the herds of cattle before being turned out to graze for four months on the mountains

The ceremony takes place regularly every summer

The Season for the Moors: S

Photo

AN AUGUST MORNING

Loch Rannock is situated in Perthshire, about thirteen miles from Struan. Excellent shooting may

: Splendours of Scottish Scenery

NING BY LOCH RANNOCK

Best

ng may be obtained in the district, while the waters of the loch are dear to the heart of the fisherman

Malta's Royal Resident

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

WILL THE ISLAND BE SOCIETY'S NEXT WINTER RESORT?

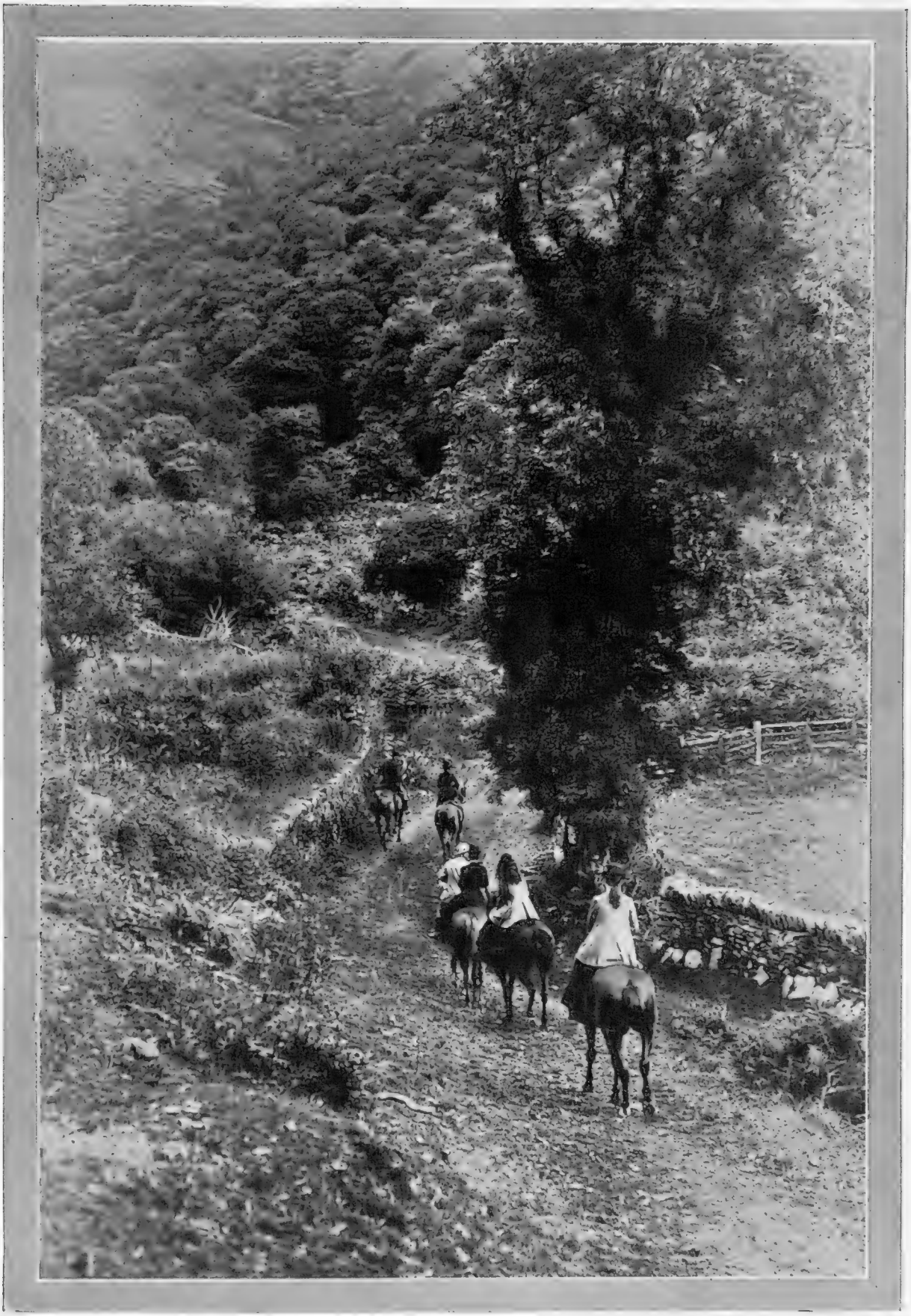
Photo] **The Grand Harbour, Valetta** *[Dr. Wingate-Saul*

Photo *Frith*

Where the Duke will Reside: The Governor's Palace, Valetta (formerly occupied by the Order of St. John)

The creation of a new central command at Malta, with the Duke of Connaught at the head, and resident in the Island, is not only an event of some military and political, but also of social importance. There can be little doubt that a Royal Resident at Valetta will make Malta far more of a social rendezvous during the winter than it is at present, and that many people who at present favour the Riviera, Italy, and Sicily will be induced to visit the British island Colony now that it has a real live Duke and Duchess in control

Out With the Devon and Somerset



THE OPENING MEET AT CLOUTSHAM ON THE 7th

Following the Hounds over Dunkerry Beacon, one of the most picturesque ascents of the Somersetshire hills

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 92

THE SHADOW OF THE PEEPUL-TREE

By ROMA WHITE

FROM his youth up had Isaiah Tompkins coquetted with strange gods.

His father had been famed, among scientific men, as a seeker after microbes; his mother, among Plymouth Brethren, as a seeker after truth. The first had, necessarily, bestowed upon him the patronymic of Tompkins; the second had added the qualifying title of Isaiah. Between the two parents he had been brought up queerly; uncertain whether deference must primarily be paid to bacteria or the major prophets.

An ancestry of many Plymouth Brethren stirred in his blood, and drew him irresistibly towards devotion. On the other hand, the paternal influences condemned him to examine and select. At the age of eight he preached Calvinistic doctrines to the nursery chairs; at eighteen his opinions were incontinent and negative; at eight-and-twenty he thrilled with the possibilities of devil-worship. And, after that period, he ran hysterically through the gamut of the creeds, until he fell, headlong and giddy, into the lap of Esoteric Buddhism.

He was, at that time, nine-and-thirty; thin and spare of body and pale of face. His conscience gnawed at his wearied brains, and the vulture of dyspepsia devoured his liver. All that he really needed was a tonic and humility; but who shall offer camomile to a man who hungers for Nirvana?

In this frame of mind Isaiah Tompkins chose to get married. Pretty little Phyllis Kerr was very young and very innocent, and Isaiah appeared to her extremely gentlemanly in all his dealings. Also, as her father said, he was rich, and the son of a world-famed professor.

He proposed to her haltingly, one day when they had met accidentally in Kensington Gardens. And she blushed up to the roots of her hair, and hung her head as she mumbled her acceptance of him. He thanked her with some nervousness. Then, instead of babbling of bliss and foolishness, he observed, gravely:

"Of course, in accepting me, you understand that I am an Esoteric Buddhist."

"A *what?*" cried Phyllis, round-eyed and astonished.

"An Esoteric Buddhist. I embraced the creed—a most exquisite one—a few months ago. Since then I have daily become more convinced, not only of its perfections, but also of its adaptability to my temperament."

"Oh!" murmured Phyllis. Then, after a moment, she looked up and asked, "Would you expect me to be one, too?"

"No," he answered; "I think every man and woman should be at liberty to select their own creed. I shall never interfere with you in that matter."

Phyllis pondered again. Then she said out, impulsively, the thought that had sprung into her mind.

"But you would let us be married in a church, wouldn't you? I should hate not to be married in a church."

He smiled indulgently upon feminine conservatism and consented. And she put Esoteric Buddhism out of her pretty little head, and did all the love-making for both of them.

So they were married, and for their honeymoon they went to India. Phyllis had uncles, brothers, and cousins to visit there, and rejoiced in the thought of elephant-rides and Viceregal balls. Isaiah Tompkins privately looked up the exact locality of Gya in connection with the railway service, and filled his imagination with the picture of a pilgrimage to the sacred peepul-tree.

From her first glimpse of Bombay Harbour, busy and beautiful in the early morning light, little Mrs. Isaiah was in ecstasies.

Relations, semi relations, and demi-semi-relations turned up in battalions. She danced, she played tennis, she dined out, and accepted invitations to amateur theatricals, so that for a healthy fortnight Tompkins thought more of Phyllis and less of Buddha. Then they went to Simla; and at Simla there cropped up a semi-demi-semi-relation, who called himself a cousin, and insisted on the prerogative of "Phyllis" and "Harry" forthwith. Harry began to act escort on the Mall, and to bring daily bouquets of Simla roses; and Tompkins, whose gaiety had been but a flash in the pan, fell back into rapt contemplation of Nirvana.

For a day or two he was busy with maps and time-tables. Then he announced his intention of leaving Simla and going down into the Lower Provinces of Bengal.

"What on earth for?" demanded Harry, who was seated close to Mrs. Isaiah, eating muffins.

Tompkins hesitated.

"Tigers, eh?" pursued the semi-demi-semi-relation. "You won't take Phyllis there, will you? She'd be consumed at a mouthful."

Then Tompkins the Earnest made his confession of faith.

"I wish to go to Gya," he said. "I am an Esoteric Buddhist."

"A—how much?" shouted Harry. And Mrs. Isaiah blushed purple with shame.

"Tom thinks——" she broke in hurriedly (she had refused from the first to call him Isaiah, and had more decently nicknamed him Tom), "Tom thinks that it is a very beautiful religion, and I know he has often wanted to see Gya, because Buddha taught there. I will come with you, dear, and we will take photographs."

(*Continued on page 396*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"The Dairymaids" on Tour

OR SHOULD WE SAY "CONTOUR"?

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Dorothy Ward

An accomplished young actress who is now touring in *The Dairymaids*. She has been playing in *Tom Jones* at the Apollo

(*Continued from page 394*)

To take photographs did not exactly harmonise with Tompkins's conception of devout pilgrimage, but he had just enough sober tact left not to object, and Mrs. Isaiah safely piloted the conversation to cameras.

So to Gya they went, by way of the East Indian Railway and Bankipore. The semi-demi-semi-relation remembered a connection who was a Police-Sahib there, and letters were interchanged which brought about munificent invitations. Harry took advantage of the Police-Sahib's hospitality to join the party, "because," as he wrote to his host, "not only are we of one blood, but I am bringing you a raving lunatic, who is a Buddhist himself. What will he do to amuse us, do you think? Hang on hooks in the verandah, or offer himself up to a cobra in a hole?"

Palpably, the semi-demi-semi-relation's knowledge of Oriental religions was mixed.

Gya is a city of many little hills, and a picket of parent mountains stand sentinel around. The party arrived in the night, and were given supper and drinks. Then they went to bed, but promised each other to meet on the roof, with the camera, at the first streak of dawn.

So on the roof they met; Tompkins shaking, nervous, and hungry-eyed, Mrs. Tompkins sleepy and fluffy in a bewildering froth of tea-gown, and Harry much occupied with swear-words and a camera. The Police-Sahib did not come, for he said that wise men slept when they could, and that only lunatics or amateur photographers got up to see the sun rise.

But what a rare, imperial, generous sun it was, as it swam straight up through the rosy lake of air, and hung over the brow of the high mountains; while the cold grey rocks flushed pink, and the feathery palm trees broke through the radiant light in a stir of vivid green. Mrs. Isaiah woke up from her sleepiness, and leant, enthralled, over the stone battlements; and Harry declared that he felt inclined to fling the inadequate camera down the well. They stayed so long that the Police-Sahib shouted up from the garden that breakfast was ready; and, when they trooped down, he looked them over, and with a quick glance at Tompkins, asked him if he had slept.

"Not much," replied Isaiah. And Mrs. Isaiah corroborated the statement.

"Why don't you sleep?" demanded Harry, reaching out for the marmalade.

"I have always been a bad sleeper," replied Tompkins.

His wife looked at him, and sighed a little. After breakfast she asked Harry if he thought her husband appeared ill.

"He doesn't look healthy," responded Harry, bluntly.

"He is thin, and—and he certainly doesn't sleep. But he says he has always been the same," said Isaiah's perplexed bride. "I think he worries too much."

"What about?"

"I don't know. I—I suppose it must be about Buddha," replied Mrs. Tompkins, meekly. And Harry smothered his irreverence with difficulty as he went away.

Now Gya is an unrighteous place, inasmuch as it has absolutely forgotten Buddha, and turned unholy attention to the heathen Vishnu, even to the extent of retaining on its rocks the indelible print of Vishnu's foot. Admiring disciples have neatly outlined the mark in brass, and set a priest to play flunkey to the sacred shrine. Up a high and rocky staircase to this sanctuary went Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah and Harry, and Isaiah groaned with disapproval at every step. Moreover, the priest rushed at him and insisted that he should take off his shoes, and for an avowed Buddhist to take off his shoes to Vishnu is as bad as a rabid Low Churchman climbing up ladders on his knees at the festival of St. Anne. Mrs. Isaiah and Harry remained, shoeless and serene, to watch the little children spill their offering of milk, drop by drop, upon the holy footprint, and scatter round it the sprays of jasmine and *chameli* flowers; but Tompkins retreated to the nearest point where the priest would allow him to resume his boots, and, sitting down upon a ledge of rock, mourned over the mental and moral ruins of Gya as Marius might have mourned over the material odds and ends of Carthage.

The sun beat down on his fermenting brains as he sat there; and a scarlet spot crept up each cheek and settled down upon the bone just under the eye. Then dark furrows came above it and the skin of his lips cracked, and electric vibrations ran down his thin arms and made the tips of his fingers dance. When Phyllis and Harry came out from the shrine they looked at him with a big simultaneous start; and Phyllis sprang forward, and laid a shaking little hand on his shoulder.

"Are you ill, Tom? You look so tired and flushed."

"Ill? No. Let's go on."

"Shall we not go back, and wait until it is cooler?"

"Nonsense. We will go on."

They went on, up many, many steps, to the Temple which is outside the city, where there stands the Stone of the Fat Men. Isaiah muttered things to himself all the way, and Mrs. Isaiah looked more and more distracted and alarmed. She stood before the Stone of the Fat Men and stared drearily at the hole in the middle of it.

"Do you know what it's for?" she asked vaguely. And Harry answered, for Isaiah was still muttering to himself.

"Yes, it's to test the innocent. If a man's accused of a crime, and is not too fat to get through there with the help of the priest, he is pronounced 'Not guilty.' Capital idea, isn't it? These priest-johnnies make a good thing out of it, you know. The fatter the man the warmer the welcome, for the bigger the fee. Rokeby was telling me about it last night."

"How funny," said Mrs. Isaiah absently. She was watching Tompkins out of the corner of her eye.

Then Tompkins broke into speech. He said terrible things about the Triad, and the Preservation of the Universe, and the Hindu faith all round. And the Gyali in charge of the stone, who did not understand a word of it, bowed and spread out polite hands at every pause in the rhetoric; while Mrs. Isaiah surreptitiously began to cry.

(*Continued on page 398*)

The Gentle Art of Rabbit-Poaching

SOME REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NIMBLE RASCALS AT WORK

Driving the Rabbits into the Nets

The nets are placed across the entrance to the woods in which the burrows are situated, and the poachers, having worked round an adjacent field, drive the rabbits before them into the net

Fixing a Gate Net

This is a particularly successful spot in which to place a net as the rabbits are very fond of using gates in going to and from their burrows

How the Nets are Carried

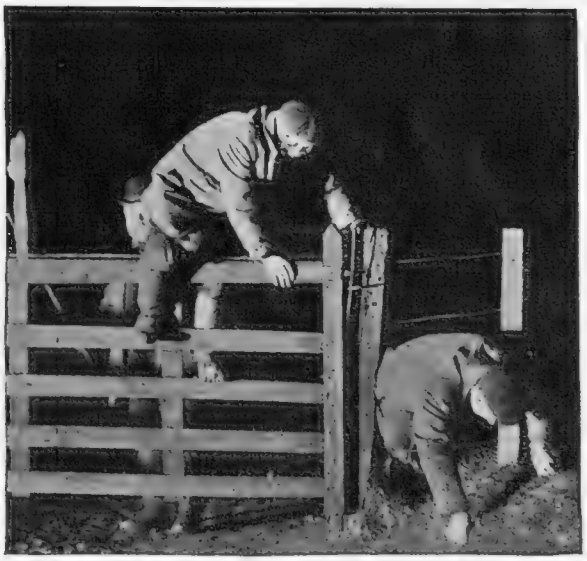
The nets, which are very valuable and are often made of silk, are conveyed wound round the body of the poacher

Preparing to Leave

Stowing away part of the capture in a capacious coat pocket. The net shown is over 100 yards long

Photos] **Setting a Wire Snare**

These snares are set at night, and are visited in the early hours of the morning by the poachers, when the rabbits are taken away



Caught! *[Clarke and Hyde*

Mr. H. Pain, the keeper, who has just seized the man climbing the gate, recently had a desperate affray with some poachers, and though his arm was broken by a blow from the stock of a gun, he eventually succeeded in bringing the men to justice

(*Continued from page 396*)

After all, it is enough to make a woman cry when she hears her husband, in all seriousness, call Vishnu an interloper, an obstruction, and a parasite in the Holy of Holies of the Holiest of Holy faiths.

"Oh! I say, Tompkins, come home! You've got a touch of the sun!" cried Harry in despair, when he saw large tear-drops soaking down into Mrs. Isaiah's muslin frills.

Isaiah looked with fever-stricken eyes upon this youthful and importunate British officer, and then put a shaking hand to his forehead.

"My head aches," he admitted. "But, then, it often does."

"Come, dear, come," faltered his poor little bride. And she put her hand in his, and escorted him, trembling, down the three hundred and fifty steps that led back into Gya; while Harry came close behind and held the parasol over them.

When they got home Isaiah was burning with fever, and the Police-Sahib put him forcibly to bed, and stuck a clinical thermometer under his arm.

"A hundred and four, point two. No wonder he made a fool of himself," he muttered, as he held the little glass-tube to Phyllis. But she did not take it, for she understood as little of thermometers as of Buddhism.

"What can I do for him?" she asked, bravely.

"I'll give him some fever-medicine I keep handy, and we'll try and get a doctor to him. Don't be frightened. He'll pull round in a day or two."

Mrs. Isaiah swallowed a sob, looked up and smiled pluckily. The Police-Sahib held Isaiah's nose firmly, opened his mouth, and poured down the drug. Then he left him, half-conscious, lying in the full draught of the punkah, with his wife beside him. As soon as they were alone, Mrs. Isaiah took out her little well-worn prayer-book, and read the Church prayers for the sick.

By evening, Isaiah lay still. Drops broke out over his forehead, and he ceased to work at his dry lips with his tongue. The Police-Sahib came in and expressed approval.

"I think he'll do," he said. "You won't sit up?"

"I think so. I can doze in my chair. And he's always wanting to drink."

"I wish you'd let me take the job. You can have my room, and get a good night's rest there."

But Mrs. Isaiah shook her head. And the Police-Sahib knew enough of brides not to persist.

As the night cooled, Isaiah slept more soundly, and Phyllis let her tired eyelids rest for a few minutes on her cheek. She was sure it was only for a few minutes, but when she raised them, with a start, the punkah had stopped waving, and the room was full of moonlight. She turned quickly to the bed; but the bed was empty, and at the foot was a disreputable hillock of tangled sheets.

With shivering fingers she held her watch to catch the moonlight on its face. The hands pointed to 11.30. Harry and the Police-Sahib might not yet have gone to bed.

She opened the door and ran out, calling to them. The bungalow was divided up into lonely white patches of moonlight, and lonely black cubes of shadow, and in the shadows were wakeful spiders and rats

Mrs. Isaiah called again, and a sudden gust of wind behind her told that the punkah-boy had waked up and begun to pull for his life. Then Harry sang out from his room, and appeared in pyjamas, with the bed-quilt attached for the sake of convention.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Isaiah. "Tom is gone!"

"Gone?"

Harry leapt to the door of the Tompkins's room, and stared at the bed for a moment. Then he turned and made for the garden, dropping the bed-quilt, and shouting to the Police-Sahib on the way.

In two more minutes the shadows of the bungalow slid away before many lamps, and in the garden two men and a woman called upon Tompkins, Tom, and Isaiah—the male voices lustily, and with a touch of rage; the female imploringly, tenderly, and choked with tears.

In the midst of the outcry a white figure drew near through the trees, which salaamed as it came along, and so could not be taken for Tompkins in his nightgown. It was a *sais* from the servants' quarters, and, when he was near enough, he explained that Tompkins Sahib had gone for a ride by moonlight upon the Station-master Sahib's elephant.

"Gone for a ride by moonlight upon the station-master's elephant," gasped the Police-Sahib. "What madman let him go?"

"It was Yer Ali, the mahout's son. I saw and heard them pass by, for Tompkins Sahib was singing aloud."

"Fool! Why didst thou not stop them?"

The *sais* salaamed in deprecation.

"Who am I that I should stop an English Sahib desirous of riding an elephant by the light of the moon? The Huzoor has done it himself more times than I shall count on the fingers of both hands."

The Police-Sahib grunted, and stamped a foot of impotent anxiety upon the ground. After the fever-medicine, Isaiah should have been kept very quiet and warm. Instead of which he was frolicking over the hills in his nightshirt upon an elephant.

"Get the cart ready. We must go after them," he said. And he flung himself off to the bungalow in search of more clothes.

Mrs. Isaiah sat in the verandah, crying softly.

"I will wait here," she said. "He may come back."

"Put him straight to bed when he does," grunted the Police-Sahib, who was terribly anxious, and, consequently, as grumpy as a bear. "I wonder where on earth he can have gone to!"

It was Harry who had the happy thought.

"You bet!" he cried, "he's gone to the temple at Budh Gya, where the peepul-tree is."

"The peepul-tree!" gasped Mrs. Tompkins. "That's what he talked of so much in his sleep!"

Some sepoys were mounted, and Harry and the Police-Sahib packed themselves in the cart. The cavalcade swung off in the bright moonlight, and

(*Continued on page 400*)

The Revival of Farce

"A NIGHT OUT" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

Pinglet (Mr. George Gidden) consoles Mrs. Paillard (Miss Marguerite Leslie) for the neglect which she suffers at the hands of her husband

Victorine (Miss Frances Vine), a flighty maid, demonstrates to young Maxime (Paillard's nephew) that love is to be learned not from Plato, but from experience

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

High Jinks at the Hotel Mascotte

At the Hotel Mascotte arrive the Pinglets, the Paillards, Old Matthieu, the notary, and his daughters; in fact, all the characters introduced to us in the first act. There is a weird scene of revelry, the illustration showing how the whole hotel has been aroused by the noises in the "ghost room" (on the right). Pinglet and Mrs. Paillard are seen on the left, dreading every moment that they will be detected

(*Continued from page 398*)

made good speed to the long avenue of palm trees, which leads to Budh Gya, in the little valley within the hills.

Dark and enormous and ungainly rose the temple of Budh Gya into the shining night—a square-sided block like a giant sugar-loaf, with a minaret atop. At the gate of the courtyard stood the elephant, the small brown mahout asleep between its vast grey forefeet. The elephant flicked its ears as the sepoys clanked up; and the mahout awoke to answer questions in a shrill whimper. The courtyard was very still, and empty, and like a grotto hewn in silver and black. Suddenly a pageant slid out of the dark, and came near with a long silken rustle of whispering, and a trembling stir of light and dark. Gyali priests were streaming through the grotto, and they bore a statue of Buddha shoulder-high; and the statue wore a white garment, and a bandage round its head, and stared with round, unwinking eye-balls at the moon-laden night.

"My God!" said Harry, under his breath, as the Gyalis set down the statue of Buddha at the feet of the Police-Sahib, and requested him to take it away, that it might no longer pollute the temple of Vishnu with that which was unclean.

The Police-Sahib was shaking in the moonlight. His voice was thick when he spoke.

"What is it?" he demanded in Hindustani. "Who has done this?"

The chief priest of the Gyalis answered him.

"A god has done it, but whether it be Vishnu, or Buddha, or a new god upon the mountains, who shall say? So we found the English Sahib under the peepul-tree, and as we found him, so we have brought him to you. He must have died as he sat there in the semblance of Buddha, for he hath been dead this hour. We would have straightened him, but that he was as one who is carved in the hardness of marble or stone."

The Police-Sahib threw up one hand for silence, and with the other he hid his eyes.

"Cover him up," he said harshly to the sepoys. "It's a queer case of *rigor mortis*, that's all."

So the statue was covered up and carried reverently back to the bungalow, and Harry broke the news to Mrs. Isaiah. For a week she was very ill, talking softly of green fields and primroses and honeysuckles, so that her mind must have wandered deep into the blossoming meadows of Home. When she began to get better she sent for Harry, and asked him questions, in answer to which he told her many lies. But then, by that time, Tompkins had been buried for a week.

"So mind," said Harry, almost vindictively, to the Police-Sahib—"so mind you never let on, and don't let any servants' gossip get to her."

"All right," said the Police-Sahib, "keep your hair on. And—and——"

His voice died away into reflectiveness. Through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, he looked across the compound towards Tompkins's grave. He was thinking of that strange Shape over which he had read the Church of England Burial Service for the Dead.

ROMA WHITE.

POISON FOR THE YOUNG MOSLEM MIND

The Sultan of Turkey's School for Anti-Christians

Abdul Hamid has recently founded a private "School of Geography" for the sons of his Palace officials. Situated at Stamboul, the school is remarkable for its maps, which are vividly coloured to portray all Turkish territory that has been "lost to the Christians" during the past century

In the Outposts of Our Empire

"THE BYSTANDER" IN ZULULAND, THE INDIA FRONTIER, AND CEYLON

(10s. 6d. *is paid for every photograph of readers in distant parts published on this page*)

In Zululand

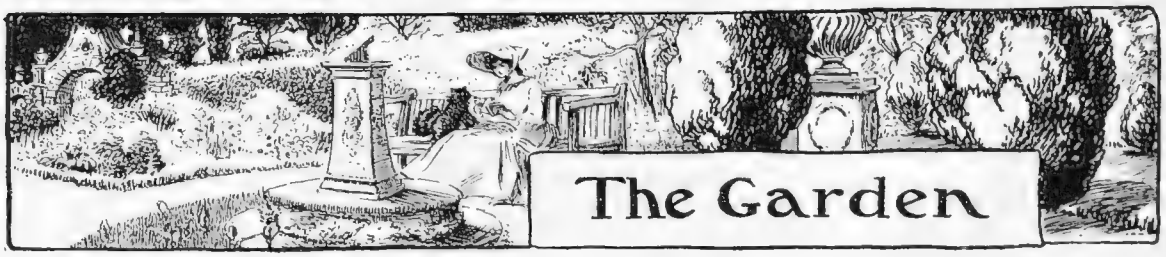
Mr. T. George Tallantire, Eshone, Zululand, says: "I am perusing your paper in the shade of the vine and a fig tree in my Eshone garden. The native is in orthodox Zulu costume, but, having a 'kink' for civilisation, is asking questions about some of the pictures he sees in The Bystander"

On the Edge of our Indian Empire

The sender, Captain E. C. Loch, Abbottabad, North West Frontier Province, India, says: "The reader of The Bystander is sitting, guarded by two of the Border Military Police, on the very frontier line between British territory and Yaghistan, on the Black Mountain. North West Frontier. Straight behind him is a sheer drop into the Indus, 6,000 ft. below"

On a Ceylon Tea Plantation

The building on the left is the factory where the green leaves are made into the tea as we know it in this country. Just behind the planter, who is reading his copy of The Bystander just received from home, are some tea bushes. Sent by Mr. A. E. Walford, Mount Vernon, Kotagalla, Ceylon



The Care of Roses

Roses this summer have been remarkably large and numerous, but rather pale in colour, more like those grown in Scotland, where the sunshine is ordinarily less powerful than in the South of England. I have seen some flowers of that beautiful variety "Lady Roberts," which, but for the shape, would hardly have been recognisable. Unfortunately, aphides have been exceedingly troublesome, and, in many cases, mildew has already made its appearance. For both, spraying is necessary, and should he persisted in until a cure is effected. In the case of isolated bushes or small beds it is easy enough; but in large rose-walks, where the plants often form rather a tangle, a garden engine must be used. A solution of soft soap mixed with a decoction of quassia chips makes an excellent insecticide where aphides are concerned, and a solution of sulphide of potassium (half an ounce to the gallon) will soon get rid of mildew. As the latter discolours paint, it should not be used inside a greenhouse or in any other place where it will be likely to fall on painted woodwork. In such positions it is better to use flowers of sulphur. The foliage should first be sprayed with clean water, and then the sulphur, tied up in a square of muslin, shaken over it. It is important to keep roses in good condition, in order that they may make strong growth, quite apart from the fact that many of the teas and hybrid teas flower in autumn as well as in summer.

A Beautiful Rose-Walk

This has been a remarkably good summer for the "Queen of Flowers," but, owing to the lack of sunshine, the colours have been paler than is usually the case

Cuttings for Next Spring

The work of propagating for next year has already commenced, and where bedding is practised on a large scale, glass-houses are being filled with cuttings of ageratums, heliotropes, lobelias, verbenas, and other plants of the same kind. Is it worth the trouble and expense? Most of them may easily be raised from seed sown early in the year, and in this way the cost of growing them in heat during the winter is avoided, while additional space is secured for chrysanthemums and other late-flowering plants. It must be admitted that named varieties do not come true from seed; but, when it is obtained from a trustworthy firm, a little weeding-out of the seedlings is all that is necessary to ensure their being quite good enough for bedding. With pelargoniums (both the show varieties and the zonals, commonly called geraniums and fuchsias) it is different. In their case the best method of propagation is certainly by means of cuttings, and they should be taken in August in order that they may form bushy plants and flower well early in summer. If each has a slight "heel"—a scrap of last year's wood at the base—they will root more readily than they would otherwise do. At first they may be packed rather closely in boxes of moist sandy soil, but as soon as they show signs of growth they should be transferred singly to small pots. It is not actually necessary to place the cuttings in a propagator. At the same time, there are always fewer failures in a confined space, for when there are air currents to carry away the moisture from the leaves and no roots to keep up the supply, the conditions are favourable to a collapse.

H. C. Davidson.

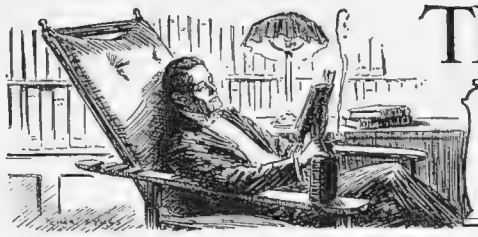
New Sunday Express to Exeter and Plymouth

The Great Western Railway has again improved its fine service of Sunday trains to the West by adding a non-stop tea-car express to Exeter, and thence without stop to Plymouth. This train leaves London (Paddington) at 2.45 p.m., and reaches Exeter at 5.45, and Plymouth at 7 p.m., taking only 4 hr. 15 min. for the whole journey, including the 5 min. stop at Exeter, thus rivalling the best trains provided on week-days. The train is a handsome one, composed of up-to-date vestibuled coaches, specially designed for long non-stop express runs. Connections are formed with Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Bideford, *viâ* Exeter.

Harvesting in the Home Counties

Photo *J. T. Newman*

A STUDY NEAR BERKHAMPSTEAD



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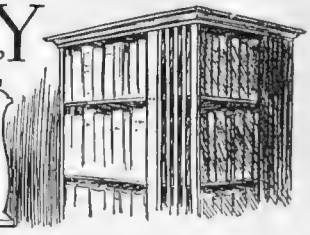


Books to Order This Week

"A Mother's Son." By Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Fry. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"A Rainy Day." Anon. (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"Love, the Judge." By Wymond Carey. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Mr. Frankfort Moore in Utopia

It would not be a bad idea if there could be got out, for the benefit of novelists in a hurry, some kind of handbook to Utopia. Just as a man setting forth to write a novel on Egypt or Patagonia usually turns up some kind of text-book to get at the population, national disasters, etc., of those countries, so a novelist writing about a country so famous and so well explored by modern writers as Utopia ought certainly to have some reference handy. Had there been such a work, Mr. Frankfort Moore would certainly have knocked out something a little more convincing than *The Marriage Lease* (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)—a novel which deals with the state of affairs in the model State of "Azalea." "Azalea" is not like any plausible Utopia we have heard of. It is a country without a soul, about which Mr. Moore has written without a heart. So colourless and undistinctive a country is it that until Chapter VII. we don't know we're in it. So far as the action and conversation of the characters in the preceding six are concerned, we might be in dullest England. However, "Azalea" it is, we discover, and learn, very much to our mingled pain and astonishment, that the men and women are not blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh, but the hapless dwellers in a hopelessly ideal community, given birth some years back by a millionaire with the impossible name of Murgatroyde (fancy a man of that name ever *making* money!). The State is a "scientific State, founded and run on scientific principles," situated in the vicinity of "two powerful, antagonistic Powers" (the dear old Balkans again?). It gets run on club lines, flourishes from the first, and grows, in ten years time, amazingly wealthy and prosperous. How it becomes so is not clear, for Mr. Moore does not attempt to be plausible, and his economics are weird. However, the point about Azalea is that its citizens, while they fall in love and marry and all that, don't beget children in anything like the numbers that the Government fancy. The reason is that they are too scientific. Result: A new law introduced legalising three-year marriage contracts. Why, Azalea being a State of sane and not insane citizens, its rulers should conceive that three-year marriages would increase the *birth*-rate is not clear. That they should increase the *death*-rate by the promotion of universal ealousy would seem more probable; and this, as it turns out, is what actually happens. Three-year marriage contracts result in a general stirring-up of private passions between the men and the men, the women and the women, and the net result is chaos, bloodshed, and the abolition of the Act. Mr. Moore tries very hard to illustrate his admirable point by little sketches of the domestic lives of the various Azaleans affected by the new marriage law. He does his best. But a more hopelessly yawnsome and boresome set of artificialised frumps than he gives us I cannot conceive. The very reminiscence of hours spent in their awful society makes me tremble and shudder. The like of such weariness may I never again experience. The whole fault, of course, lies in the initial mistake made by Mr. Moore in laying his scene in Azalea at all. He is not a Utopian, nor a scientist, nor a sociologist, nor an economist, nor anything so unutterably profound. He is a child in Utopia. His Azalea is the kind of place Mr. H. G. Wells might have babbled about to his nurse at the age of six. It is the youngest and callowest Utopia yet called forth in British fiction.

Mr. Frankfort Moore
The author of "The Marriage Lease" and some other novels

What Is Really Wanted

Now there is a novel to be written on the Marriage Lease. The idea is an immense one. But it needs no Utopian setting. The problem whether temporary marriages would be beneficial or otherwise is one which should be thrashed out in our England, or our America, as we know it. Let us see how a real Edwin of our acquaintance, mated for three years with an actual Angelina, would thrive under the contract. Let us see them in their relationship with real people as we know them. A society could easily be formed for the promotion of experimental wedlock, and quite a number of people could be induced to join it, right here and now, in London 1907 A.D. Let us see how they would fare, and how they would compare in happiness and everything else with the rest of the human race in the light of actual probability.

For Test Match Spectators

Mr. C. B. Fry's many admirers have, this week, an opportunity of knowing him in yet another light — that of novelist. He has written, in collaboration with Mrs. C. B. Fry, a really delightful story, entitled *A Mother's Son.*

Despite its title, the book is by no means mawkish in its healthiness. The mother whom the hero favours so much throughout his brilliant career (as a sportsman, of course) is no ordinary mother. Ambitious that her boy shall shine in what our sporting editor every week so happily phrases "Games and Pastimes," she fixes him up so that he becomes, in turn, adept at all of them. The culminating point of his career is that he is selected to play for England in one of the Test Matches against Australia. Of course, the boy saves his country's honour. But there is nothing sensational about his play. By just using his brains and philosophising a little, he saves the bacon of his side, in turn, by clever bowling and sound batting. The description of the Test Match is a fine bit of cricket writing. It would even excite a person, if such there be, who knows nothing of the game. It proves, to the cynic, that Cricket, if played aright, calls into power some of the finest mental qualities, and fits a youth for a high place in life as well as any other branch of study. Though an all-round sportsman, our hero does not conclude his career exactly as he would in real life. That is to say, he does not become a journalist, or a Judge of Limerick Competitions. No. He goes out to South Africa with the troops, and . . . . The book is published by Methuen, price 6*s*. It is excellent reading.

Criticism of Cold Stone

Whether or not criticism of any kind does actual good is a reasonable matter for discussion. (Literary criticism, of course, is of immeasurable benefit to the public, and should be rate-aided, or State-aided, or both.) However, there are some cases when criticism can serve no earthly purpose, and such a case is furnished by a book, promised by Mr. Unwin for the 26th—a "free criticism of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, by an anonymous author." As the Cathedral is immovable—more so, perhaps, than even St. Paul's—and as its decorative scheme is, I believe, fixed once for all, opinions on its merits can only be of a purely pious character. However, it appears that the writer is warmly appreciative of the dignity and beauty of the Cathedral as a whole, but points out certain defects, and also makes some suggestions as to the scheme of decoration which shall be followed in the future. The volume is illustrated with nine plates.

A Curious Epic

The Career of John Bull (Kegan Paul: Anonymous) is a curious instance of the unfortunate influence of rhyme and metre on the free expression of ideas of a certain kind. Our poet is overwhelming in his sense of the commonplace, and his poem is, I should imagine, a satire on himself and his own environment. The "John Bull" is the average young man of the shopkeeper class, and this strange poem certainly brings home the realities of his life to the reader with almost the force that Whitman brought home to us the life of the road, Kipling that of the barrack-room. It would come very near to being conspicuous had the poet throughout confined his language to the bare commonplaces needed for the telling of the tale, and it would have been no reproach had he, for the exigencies of rhyming, restricted himself to ringing the changes on "way" and "day," "fame" and "same," "long" and "throng," "in" and "kin," "score" and "wore," and the rest of the words blessed by the dictionary with congenial rhyming companions. To be told that—

> On a damp and dismal autumn day,
> A child was born in the usual way,

is excellent, even though, later, it is added that he was

> Conceived in a reckless sort of way.

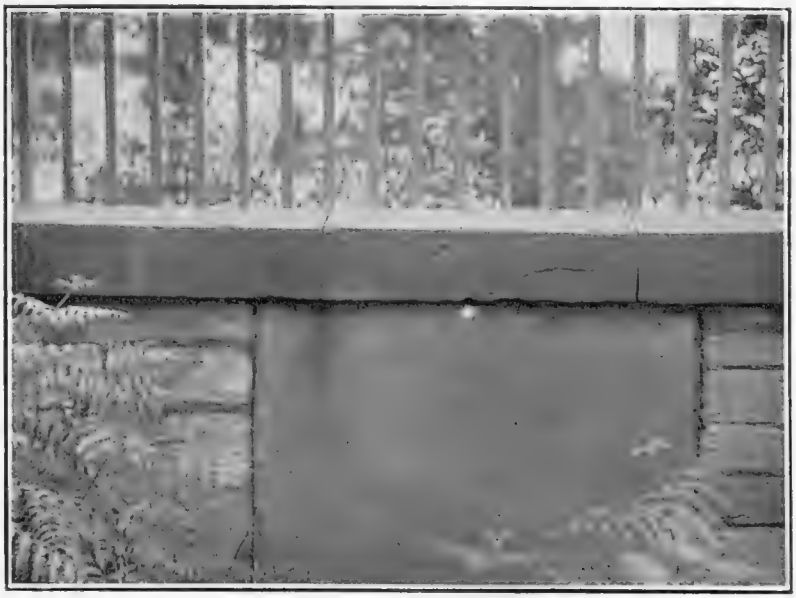
There is, too, an element of real imagination in this verse—

> And through the ways a few bronzed leaves
> Were hustled by the winds like thieves,
> For having stolen life so long
> And joined the other going throng.

Exactly what is meant by the "other going throng" matters nothing. The idea of "leaves" not only rhyming with "thieves," but reasonably and poetically, is arresting. When, however, our poet grows facetious, or strives to display his culture; when he writes such rhymes as the following (selected at random)—

> Enough, however, for the nonce
> Of the authors of this *nova fons*.
>
> His nostrils sniffed full many a smell
> He came to think quite *naturel*.
>
> And if the place was not hygienic,
> Bear's line was goods and not some mean-*ic*.

—when the author does these things, he does things which he ought not to have done. And it is a pity. For it lessens the undoubted appeal of his work, and succeeds only in arousing cheap derision. There is nothing that fools find funnier than bad rhymes, though often enough they conceal better poetry than is ever bedecked by good ones. VIVIAN CARTER.



The Tomb of Robin Hood in Kirklees Park, Brighouse, Yorks

Said to be the place where Robin Hood shot the arrow when he was dying, saying he wished to be buried where it fell. The inscription is interesting, and legible to-day. The Park is the property of Sir George Armytage, and the grave of the famous robber is one of its most prized antiquities

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

St. Andrews in Holiday-time

This is the time of year when the pilgrims of golf wend their way to their Mecca, "the auld grey toun," which ever since the game began has been the *alma mater* of its devotees. Those who have never been to St. Andrews in August or September can have no conception of the conditions under which the game is then played. The whole town is crammed with golfers of all sorts and kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, all consumed with one desire, that of getting two rounds over the old course during the day. Folk may prate of the delights of the new course, the Town Council may spend money on making the Jubilee Course assume a less remote resemblance to a proper course, yet to these charmers the visitors will turn a deaf ear, and will persistently fill in a card of application for a place next day on the famous old course. What boots it that, more often than not, they find their names on the list for a start at an hour which will dislocate all their meal-times, or, even worse, discover that they are only mentioned in the supernumerary list? They are not daunted. Possibly they will manage to squeeze their way in between couples in some miraculous manner, and lead for two hours or more an agitated but none the less fascinating existence, wedged in with the crowd of players over the immortal old arena. For it is idle to blink the fact that a player will prefer an agitated and much-prolonged round on the old course to the comparatively solitary ease of the new links.

Photo *Bain*

The United States Championships

Jerome Travers (on the left), last year's winner, who was beaten in the Championships at the end of last month by Gilman Tiffany

An Elastic Course

Therefore, each morning and afternoon the elastic old course will receive its quota of scores of couples, filling the starting tee from nine till past noon. These are the select band of sheep who have come out of the ballot unscathed. But besides them are the numerous goats who have been rejected, and who either make a prodigiously early start, before the official starter takes up his post and issues his stentorian commands, or who wait till his morning labours are over, and then, having lunched very early, get their round while ordinary mortals are eating their lunch. Thus it comes about that no one has yet come into St. Andrews, or left it, without perceiving some couple playing on the old course, however early the arrival or late the departure. For when the band of holiday visitors are finishing their second round, and thinking of the joys of tea and cakes, the sturdy artisans of the town sally forth and flock to the starting tee, whence, in bands of three and four, rarely less, they proceed to play that precious one round of the day which means so much to them. Many of these matches provide for the looker-on some of the best golf which can be seen in St. Andrews, and for the beginner no better lesson can be furnished than the one he will receive by watching a four-ball foursome of crack artisans. They will teach him more, if he have the power of assimilation and imitation, during that one round than he will learn by weeks of careful plodding under the guidance of a professional coach.

The Latest Improvements

There is no place for a golfing holiday quite like St. Andrews. North Berwick has at present only one course, and therefore stands the summer crowd less well than St. Andrews. But at St. Andrews, with its three courses, not to speak of its ladies' putting course, there is no reason why a visitor should ever find himself crowded out of his game. Now that the authorities have wisely reverted to the old method of playing the course the reverse way every other week, it is impossible to get tired and stale by playing too much over the same course. The sins of the past week committed on the right hand course are forgotten when Monday dawns and play is ordained to go out on the left.

Now, too, a telephone has been established between the starting tee of the new course and the club-house, so that it is possible to ascertain the exact moment when one must leave the joys of coffee and Kümmel for the remoter wilds of that really splendid course.

St. Andrews is unique. Those who have not yet been to see it should hasten to do so. When they have stayed a week or two in its golf-laden precincts, and have imbibed the *genius loci*, they will understand why it has become the headquarters of the game and why it will remain so.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

YACHTING

The Schooners at Ryde

The most notable event of Ryde Week was the big schooner race on the first day, to which considerable interest attached owing to its being the first race of the Solent season for the "A" class under the new International Rating Rule. This new class consists of boats of over 23 metres, and is limited to yawls, ketches, and schooners. A fixed time-allowance of so much per metre, according to size, is allotted, and schooners are further allowed a deduction of 12 per cent. off their actual rating. In the race under notice, as a matter of fact, all were schooners, two, the German Emperor's *Meteor* and Herr Otto Huldschinsky's *Susanne*, being German-owned, and the other two, *Cetonia* and *Adela*, belonging respectively to Lord Iveagh and Mr. C. T. Cayley. The race was started in a moderate breeze, which increased in force as time went on, so that it was blowing fairly hard at the finish. The (comparatively) little *Susanne*, very smartly handled, got away first, but her big rival *Meteor* made a very poor start, and did not catch *Susanne* until they had gone a dozen miles or so. After this, *Meteor* went away fast, but could not rub off the time lost at the start, and *Susanne* saved her time and took first prize. The two English boats were quite outsailed, but on the other hand it must not be forgotten that *Susanne* is also an English boat—she was built by Fife in 1904—manned by an English crew, with the crack English skipper, Wringe, in charge. *White Heather* and *Nyria* sailed a hard race, in which *Nyria*, beautifully handled from the start, was the winner, with the aid of the allowance of 7 sec. per mile allotted to her early in June in consideration of her being slightly outclassed by the newer boats. On the 15th the two new boats in the 15-metre class, *Shimna* and *Ma'oona*, again proved their ability to outsail the older *Britomart* in a hard blow, and *Britomart*, after getting the worst of a luffing match with *Shimna* (during which *Ma'oona*, sailing free, slipped into first place) retired, leaving *Ma'oona* to finish first, with *Shimna* close up to her. On the same day Admiral Montagu's old cutter, *Carina*, now owned by Mr. A. L. Pearse, found the hard weather quite to her liking, and easily won the handicap race.

CRICKET

England's Captain

Mr. R. E. Foster, who is again captaining the English team in the Test Match with South Africa, which finishes at the Oval to-day (Wednesday), is one of Worcester's soundest batsmen. Although his average up to the present is not quite so high as that of his brother, G. N. Foster, being 37.47 as against the latter's 41.66, he has given some fine batting displays, notably in his innings in the match against the Champions, when he made 171, his highest score this season, and earlier in the year when he knocked up an excellent 144 against Gloucester. Mr. Foster has refused the invitation to join the team for Australia.

Holland's Benefit

The proceeds of the match between Surrey and Yorkshire at the Oval last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday went to F. C. Holland, the

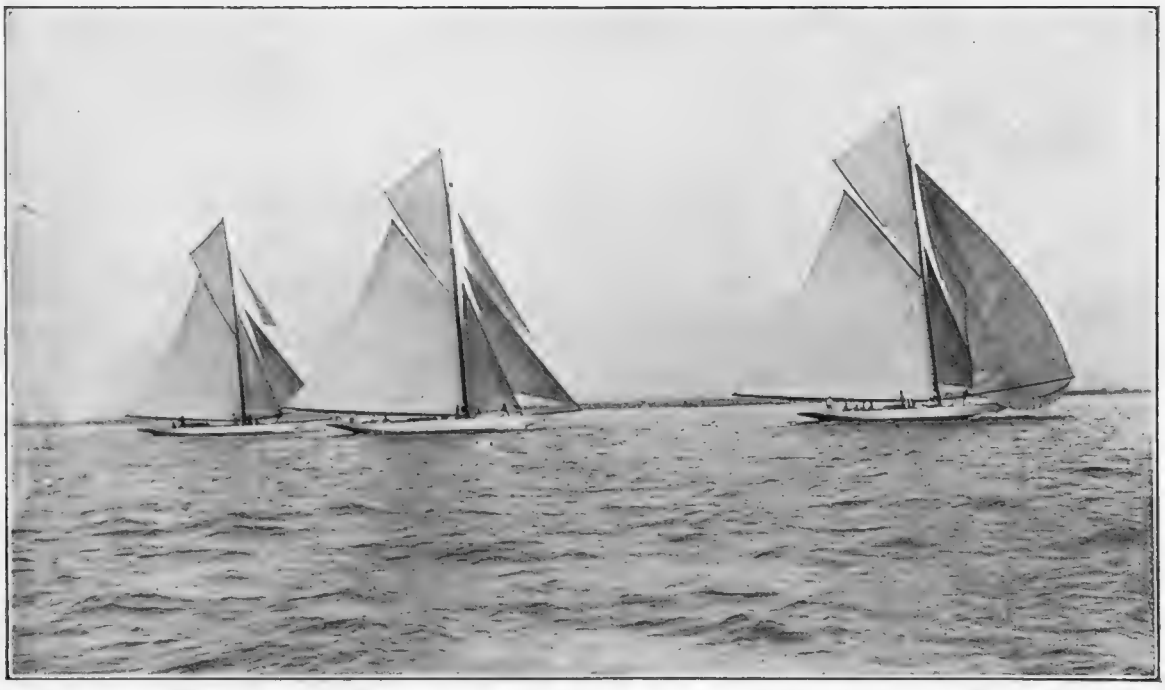
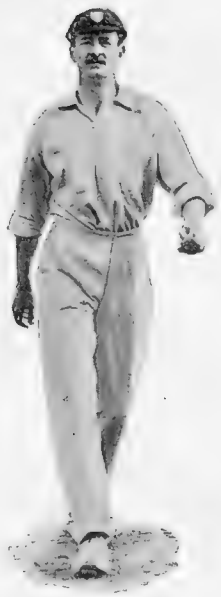


Photo *Cribb*

Ryde Week: The race between 15-metre yachts

Left to right: *Shimna*, *Ma'oona*, *Britomart*. *Ma'oona* won, followed by *Shimna*. *Britomart* retired after being beaten in a luffing match with *Shimna*, during which *Ma'oona*, sailing free, took the lead and finished winner



R. E. Foster

Worcester's Captain, is also captaining England in the Test with South Africa, which finishes at the Oval to-day (Wednesday)

Surrey professional, whose benefit it was. Holland, who is in his thirty-second year, first played for his county in 1894. In the following year he made 171 in a match against Cambridge, which score constitutes his record in first-class cricket. His batting average was best in 1898, when the figures were 36.10.

LAWN TENNIS

Co-operation v. Competition

The Eastern Counties' round of tournaments which commenced a fortnight ago with the two eldest of East Anglia's meetings, Saxmundham and Colchester, was continued last week with Felixstowe and Bungay, and practically concludes this week with Great Yarmouth, although the Frinton tournament, which was in abeyance last year, is being revived in a tentative sort of way on August 29. The fact that they have all secured good entries at a period when there is a positive glut of tournaments speaks volumes for the popularity of the game, and I hear that there is a possibility of yet another fixture, at Aldeburgh, being added to the list next year. There is, however, a danger lurking beneath this apparently healthy state of affairs, which is that some of these meetings may eventually find, if they have not already found, that they are competing against each other with prejudicial results; and I am firmly convinced that a certain amount of co-operation between their organisers, even if it is not essential to their future success, would, at any rate, go a long way towards augmenting it. At present the cycle is arranged in such a manner as to involve the maximum, instead of the minimum, amount of railway travelling. It is clear that the sequence, Saxmundham—Colchester—Felixstowe (or Bungay), is geographically wrong; and it would be better if there were no clashings, as in the case of Felixstowe and Bungay. Players should be enabled to start the round either at the nearest point to, or at the farthest point from, London, and gradually work their way outwards or homewards, as the case may be, instead of zigzagging about over the three counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; and, quite apart from the railway-travelling aspect of the case, this would be greatly appreciated by those who do their journeying in motor-cars, for a motor ride of any considerable length is not a good prelude to tennis. Of course, I don't suggest that there would be many who would do the whole lot of fixtures one after the other, but there certainly would be some who would do three or four of them, instead of, as now, only about two. In short, I believe that the Eastern Counties' tournaments, if they chose to combine, would soon form a ring which would put them ahead of most, if not of all, of their rivals in other parts of the kingdom.

A Resumé of Colchester

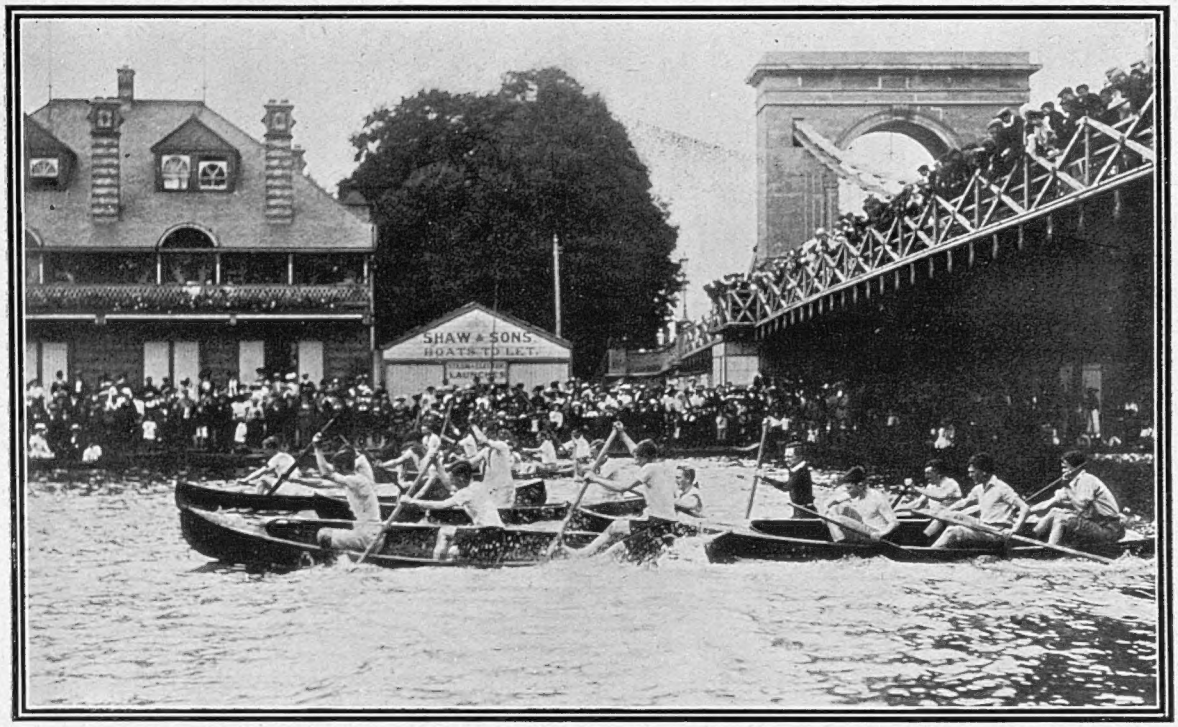
The most noteworthy points in connection with these meetings this year have been the increase in the entries at Bungay, which has suddenly blossomed out into quite a big meeting, and the improvement in the courts at Colchester. Hitherto good courts have not been Colchester's strong point, but the rainy season seems to have suited the ground, and players who came to curse remained to bless. The principal event fell to C. E. Hunter, who unexpectedly beat H. N. Marrett after a very tough match in the second round, and ultimately vanquished D. M. Hawes in the final. Roper Barrett, the holder, was an absentee, and it seemed quite funny not to see his name upon the programme, for he has played regularly at Colchester for many years past. Hunter was in quite his best form, and his victory with Hawes in the Doubles was almost a foregone conclusion; but the Mixed Doubles had an unexpected result, for Marrett, playing his customary brilliant mixed game, and ably supported by Miss M. Wilson, who also showed a special aptitude for this form of game, beat the favourites, Hawes and Miss Morton, in an early round, and finally won the whole thing quite easily. Miss Morton had no one to fear in the Ladies' Singles, and was playing so well that the handicap fell to her likewise, in spite of her being heavily penalised; while in the remaining handicaps, A. E. Dodge brought off the treble event, winning the Singles, Doubles (with J. D. Elliott), and Mixed Doubles with Miss V. Fitter. In order to do this he was in court almost continually throughout the last day, and played in all eight matches and 192 games.

Holland

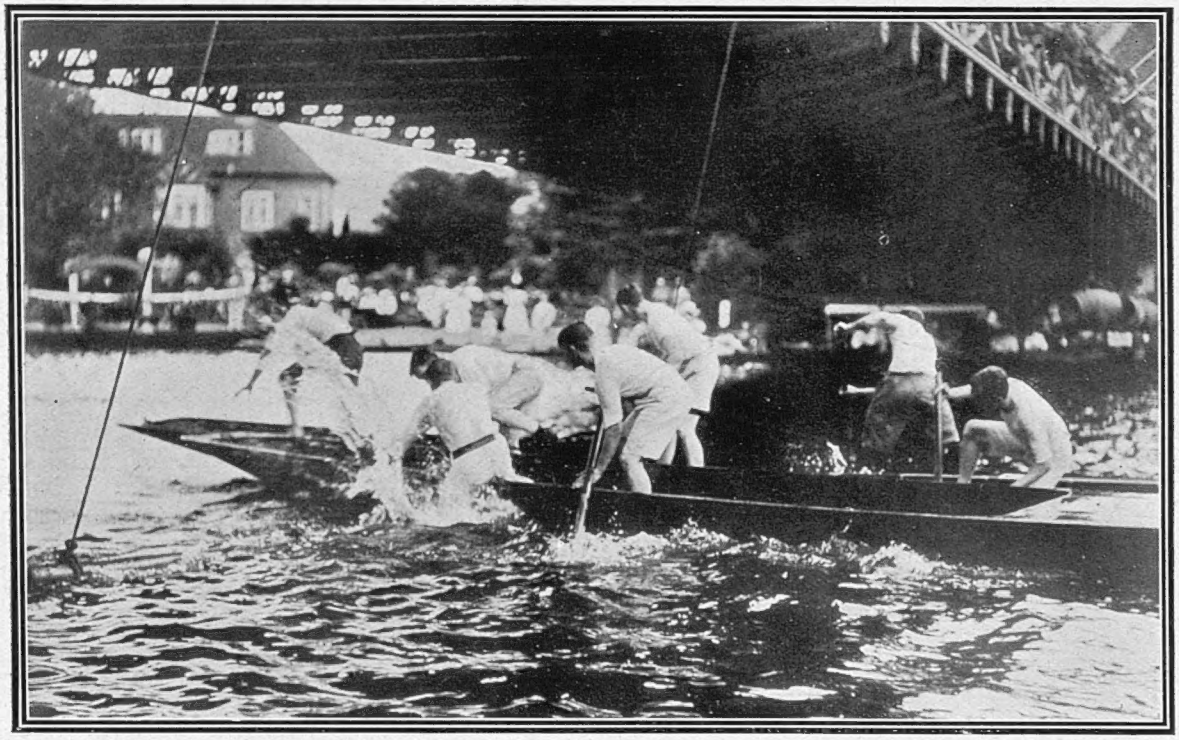
The Surrey professional, whose benefit match, against Yorkshire, was played last week at the Oval

Merry-Making at Marlow

SOME AMUSING SCENES AT THE REGATTA IN BISHAM REACH

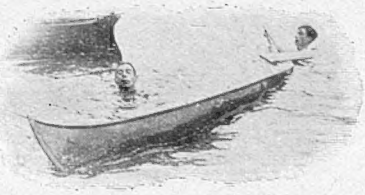


A NOVEL CANOE RACE, WITH BROOMSTICKS INSTEAD OF PADDLES



AN AWKWARD FEAT: PADDLING PUNTS OVER A BOOM

The fun was fast and furious at the Marlow Rowing Club's Regatta and Aquatic Sports last week, many of the events being of an amusing and novel character, as the above photographs show. Fortunately for the comfort (!) of the competitors, the day was a sunny and warm one, for the result of the majority of the races was an involuntary dip!



Result of the Races
(In nearly all cases)

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Quite recently a motorist was summoned and convicted for exceeding the legal limit over a distance undefined. The reason for this reserve on the part of the police is, of course, the publicity given to their "traps," which renders them useless. The Automobile Association for the one part, and the motor journals for the other, by publishing a list of traps, render quite nugatory many of the efforts of the worthy constables who attempt to obtain kudos from their local superiors by this profitable task of waylaying the motorist who commits a technical offence against the law. Their latest dodge, therefore, is to refuse to state the exact locality where the alleged offence was committed.

* * *

In the case in question, the magistrate held that he could not force the police to say where the offence was committed, as it would not be in the interests of justice. An appeal against this ruling is to be lodged, and it is to be hoped that when the case comes on for hearing the insidious attempt to prosecute motorists without stating the locality and proving the distance over which a trap is laid will be defeated. I have no sympathy with the "road hog," but the manner in which the average police-trap is engineered is a disgrace to the force, and the subsequent police-court proceedings a subversion of justice. Traps are nearly always placed in those localities where the population is thin, the road good, and, consequently, where the motorist lets his car go. A motorist who breaks the speed limit in localities where persons are about deserves to receive his quietus. But even then he is entitled to a fair trial, and in the majority of cases the motorist is convicted on evidence which, if insufficient to justify a conviction, is backed up by unlimited perjury on the part of the police, whose duty it is to obtain a conviction, by foul means if fair ones are lacking. In an equably adjusted community, so far from the police obtaining credit for a large number of convictions, such would be reckoned to their detriment. It is so in the case of a magistrate who is presented with white gloves and congratulated if there be no cases for him to try; and if the police, instead of inviting

Car-icature — No. XL.: Mr. A. W. Gamage

From very small beginnings Mr. Gamage has built up the great sports-house, now such a familiar sight in Holborn. His latest activity has been the absorption of the old-established firm of Benetfink, of Cheapside

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

60 H.-P. MERCÉDÈS, side entrance, *guaranteed* in first-class order, £750; 10-12 H.-P. DE DION, side entrance, sliding gears, detachable top, £250; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

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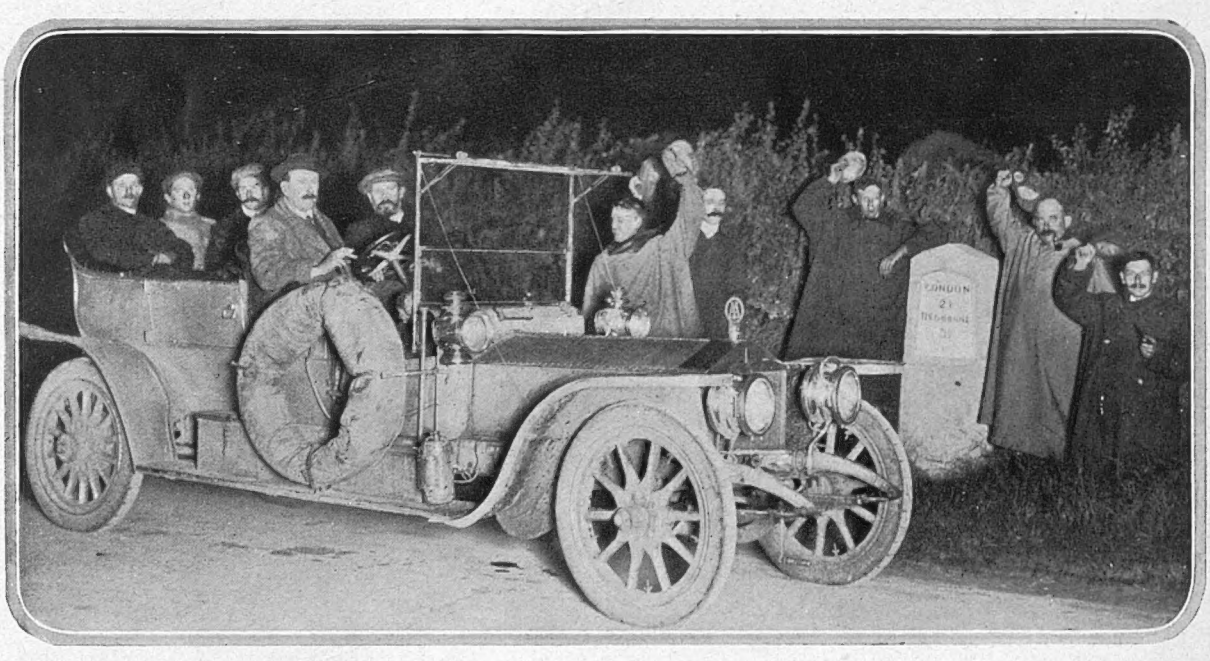

A Wonderful Record: The six-cylinder Rolls-Royce car, "The Silver Ghost," completes its 15,000 miles reliability trial

"The Silver Ghost's" completion of its wonderful record of a 15,000-mile non-stop run took place, as shown above, at the twenty-first milestone from London, just beyond St. Albans. The occupants of the car are Mr. F. H. Royce (the designer), Mr. Claude Johnson, Chief-Tester Platford, and Mechanician Macready who, with the Hon. C. S. Rolls, has driven the car throughout the trial

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The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

motorists to break the laws so that they may be mulcted in fines, would do what they could to restrain them from going too fast, they would be more useful to everybody, on the principle that prevention is better than cure.

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While on the subject of police-traps, I am reminded of a letter Colonel Bosworth, the Chairman of the Automobile Association, has sent me. There is so much work still to be done for motoring by both the A.A. and the Motor Union that it is a thousand pities they cannot continue in their hitherto well-defined spheres of usefulness without interference with one another. I publish the letter without further comment:—

SIR,—It is probably within your knowledge that some differences of opinion exist between the Motor Union and the Automobile Association in connection with the adoption by the former body of a badge so like our own that our scouts often find it difficult to distinguish between them.

The Automobile Association was formed with the primary object of employing road agents for the purpose of assisting motorists, while the work of the Motor Union has been confined chiefly to deal with legislative matters; and with the latter (until the adoption of a badge), and with the other well-recognised functions of the M.U., the A.A. has always been careful not to interfere.

The sphere of work of these two important institutions being so widely dissimilar, my Committee keenly regretted the misunderstandings which had arisen, and, feeling that a continuance of them would be inimical to the interest of both bodies, and to motorists generally, set themselves to try to remedy the present regrettable state of affairs. To this end, meetings between leading members of both executives took place quite recently in the Motor Club. Judge of our amazement, therefore, on finding that while these negotiations are still proceeding, the Motor Union is deliberately setting about the organisation of a system of road scouts on roads which are already patrolled by A.A. scouts, thereby duplicating the work and unnecessarily draining the funds of the Motor Union, and are sending to Automobile Clubs throughout the country a long circular inviting their assistance in so doing, and concluding with the insidious inquiry:—

"Do you think it would be an additional inducement to motorists to join your Club if, by so doing, they could obtain the services of a disciplined force of road protectors?"

Envious of the great position the Automobile Association has earned for itself, apparently jealous of its phenomenal popularity, and despite the fact that the action in copying our badge was almost universally condemned, the Motor Union is endeavouring to appropriate the principal feature of our organisation, and is making one more attempt to hinder and confuse the work we are doing.

In putting the facts before you, sir, I think you will agree that the Automobile Association has a very genuine grievance, and that we are right in continuing to resent in every possible way this unfriendly and unsportsmanlike cribbing of our ideas and policy.—Yours truly,

W. J. BOSWORTH, Col., Chairman.

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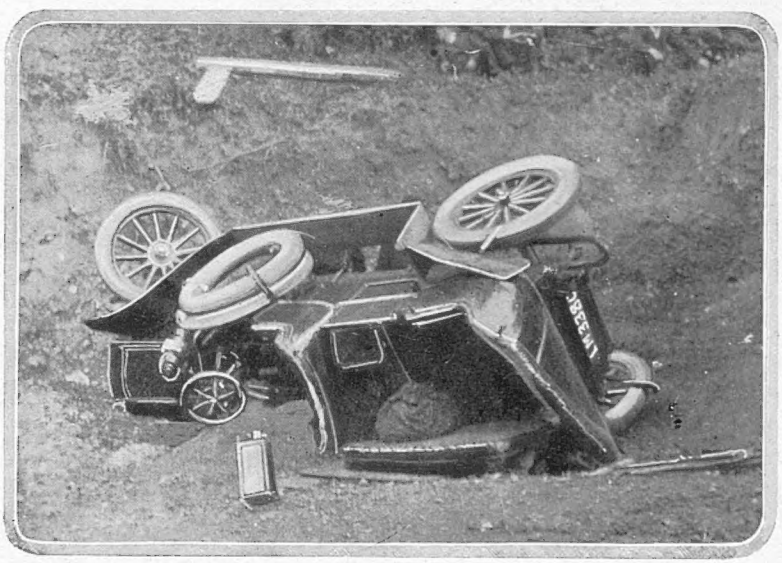
There is a far-spread belief that a steam-car is a mysterious contrivance, whose complications are so great that the ordinary amateur cannot understand them. This fallacy is fast dying now, and during the present year the leading makers of steam-cars have done a great deal more business than in the past. The best-known steam-car in England is undoubtedly the White, and owners of White cars are, in the Company's opinion, its greatest asset. To ride in a White car frequently affords a great surprise to motorists of long standing who have been unfamiliar with the perfect motion afforded by the flexibility of steam power when properly applied to a motor vehicle. This year the White Company departed from their former rule of turning out but one model each year, with the result that they are making both 20 h.-p. and 30 h.-p. cars. The 20 h.-p. chassis costs £485, and, fitted with a landaulette body, such as the car recently delivered to Sir Lees Knowles, Bart., the price is £675. The engine in the 20 h.-p. White car is a two-cylinder compound engine of the marine type, fitted with D-slide valves and Stevenson link motion. The engine and every part of the White car is standardised and therefore interchangeable. COMYNS BEAUMONT.



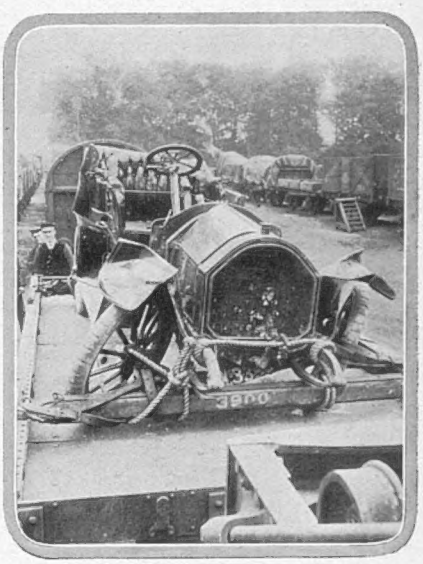


Photo *Topical Agency*

A Remarkable Motor Accident

A party of four travelling near Kingswood, Surrey, in a Darracq car hired from the Automobiles de Luxe, Ltd., had, the other day, a most remarkable escape. In attempting to avoid another car, the Darracq collided with a drain-pipe, jumped the footpath, carried away a sign-post, ploughed its way through a small wood, and finally ended its career by dropping 15 ft. into a stone quarry. No one was killed, and though the chauffeur received internal injuries, the other occupants of the car were only bruised. Our first photograph shows the car lying in the quarry, and the small picture depicts the wreckage on a truck being taken back to London

The performance of the WESTINGHOUSE Cars in the "Coupe de la Presse" is only another demonstration of their remarkable reliability, efficiency, and speed.—Sole Concessionnaires: A. GAAL AND CO., 17, Hanover Square, London, W.